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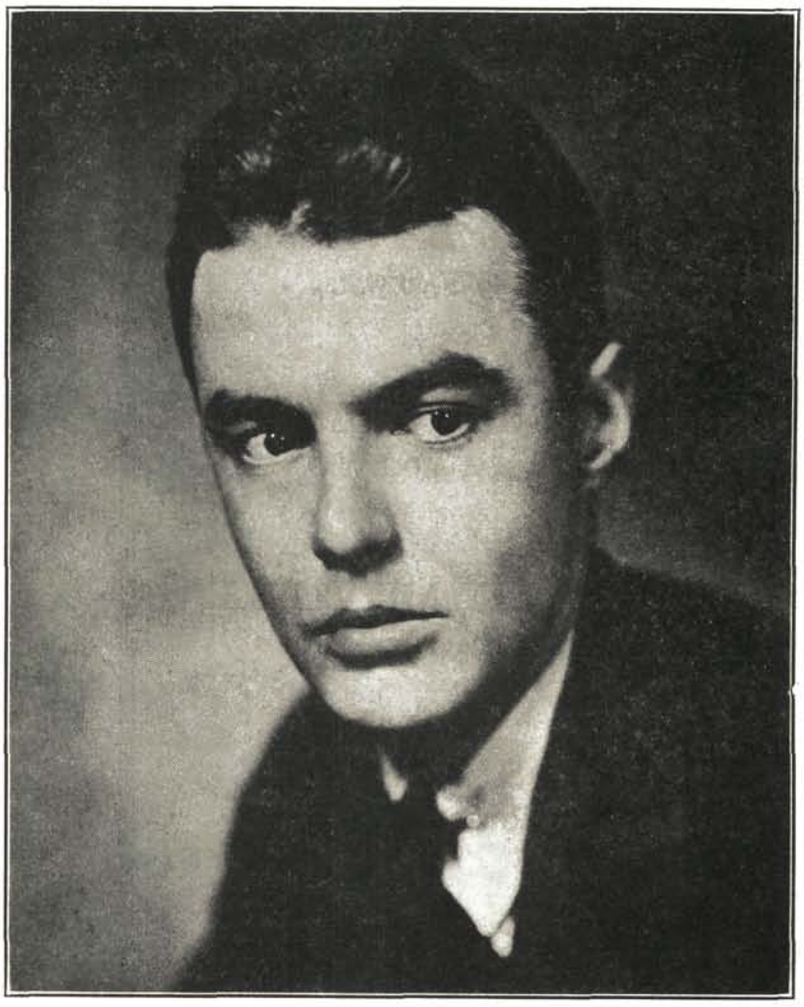

JAMES GOULD COZZENS

"In these two days he handles a dozen problems—very unconventionally, some of them, for a clergyman, though he professes to be orthodox enough in his views" . . .

(See page 5)

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Cross-Word Puzzle Scholarship

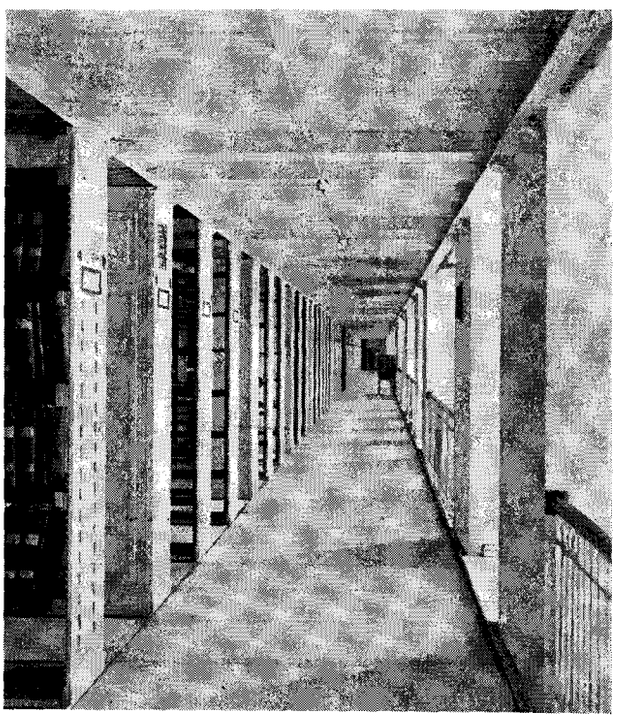
BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THE scholar's passion in the university of my day was for knowledge. A burning desire to get the facts kept his enthusiasm well warmed, if not always well lit. When, just out of college ourselves, we first sat in something like intimacy under our old teachers who now proposed to make teachers of us, what they taught us first was to despise the cultivated amateurs who in the last generation had lectured upon the amenities of history and literature. Lowell, whose critical essays were rich in opinions but short in facts, was held up to scorn. Longfellow was mentioned also, with a shrug — a professor who did translations. Accuracy in little things was the new virtue, and we were encouraged to believe that the world was more in need of correct texts, exact dates, and a knowledge of sources, than of estimates, appreciations, and opinions which, however just, were not scientific because they could not be proved. Browning's grammarian had given the slogan—

This man decided not to Live but Know—

a line which was often quoted. Since an accurate text of a masterpiece was a necessary preliminary to a correct interpretation, insensibly the establishing of the text began to seem more important than an appreciation of the work, and the more corrupt or the more difficult the text, the more merit in studying it. In great works of literary art belonging to a past era where every resource of history must be exhausted in order to understand, this obsession with knowledge gave great results. Chaucer and Dante came to life again in this age of scientific scholarship. Yet too often the scholar could tell you everything about a poem except why it was poetry.

The classicists, and the teachers of modern literature who were heirs to their prestige, had dubiously and with unconcealed condescension given to pure science a minor place in the curriculum. Now the scientific approach became fashionable. Scholars in literature who called themselves scientific began to dominate the graduate schools and extend their influence into the sacred precincts of the undergraduate college. Applying the technique of scientific research to language they revealed an evolution with laws of its own which could be made into a noble instrument for the extension of knowledge. Then they moved from linguistics into literary history and soon were rewriting the vague and impressionistic chronicles of our literary past, substituting exact tests of dialect, allusion, and rhythm for the guesswork of earlier historians. The bastard works fathered upon Chaucer and Shakespeare were given rightful parents or put upon the town, and the indebtedness of the moderns to tradition and to the local environment was rightly indicated.



IN THE STACKS, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

But neither literature nor history is explained by the facts of its background. The historian at best gives a personal interpretation. The scientific researcher at the most provides the essential facts. But the poet or novelist has created a new world which absorbs his observations into a whole that is by no means only a sum of its parts.

Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.

The scientific impulse in literary scholarship was indifferent to such nice metamorphoses of subject matter. It sought facts where facts could be found and its disciples soon began to see all written records as a quarry in which the mysterious nature of a crystal could be ascertained by the same chemical analysis that demonstrated the composition of a block of limestone to be $CaCO_3$.

Envy was partly responsible for this singular warping of judgment. The humanist scholars of my youthful day were jealous of the great achievements of natural science. Science had begun to turn away resolutely from the "wonders of nature," and with specks of dirt microscopically considered, or drops of fluid in a test tube, or glacial scratches on a stone, was making discoveries of stupendous importance. In my own university before my time research men in "stinks" and other utilitarianisms had been tolerated but kept in a social position definitely inferior to the humanists, so that when Harvard asked for representatives from Yale at her two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, no professors from the new Scientific School were included in the list drawn up by our President. Now science was having its revenge. But if boulders the ploughman turned up in the fields and mice infected by disease held secrets valuable to man, why should not the bypaths and deserts and unexplored areas of literary history be as rewarding to researchers? And so began that race after the obscure, the difficult, and the neglected which, yielding rich spoils where science was the proper tool, led elsewhere to the vast accumulations of unimportant facts about literary history which clog the shelves of libraries

Next Week

THE RISE AND FALL OF SYMBOLISM
By BERNARD FAY

THE SON OF MARIETTA
By JOHAN FABRICIUS
Reviewed by Barthold Fles

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and whiten the hair of the modern historian, who cannot write a page without consulting a shelf-full of pamphlets, many of which cancel each other. The parallel with the world outside, where technological advance was accompanied by a senseless race for self-defeating power and by riches badly used, is too obvious to need pointing.

For the true scientist in history and literature, without whose work history, criticism, and interpretation are alike difficult, if not impossible, I have the greatest respect. But alas, few of us in those days were scientists by nature, but rather young men in love with books; and even if our minds had been scientific there would not have been room for us all in the regions of literary history still unexplored! These two obvious facts did not weigh for a moment with our superiors. They had seen the Chaucer canon made, and the border ballads rescued from oblivion. So they urged us on to tasks which inevitably were of lesser importance. Ambition and research became synonymous words. Literature—our reading—we might pick up in odd hours—our work, our future lay in literary history, in discovery, in new facts. Many a critic and poet was broken on the wheel. Many an able intellect, confronted with the job of classifying the paragraph endings in Cicero, left scholarship for the law or business where hard work could bring him at least a good income. The born investigators among us found themselves in a golden age where the dating of a miracle play might bring a professorship to a youngster whose critical estimates of great prose or poetry were as unformed as an undergraduate's. The rest were driven and harried.

Thus began the cross-word puzzle age of scholarship. The myriad intelligent minds among the populace who spend their hours over puzzles today are amateurs in a job which these scholars made professional. The cross-word puzzle is research reduced to an absurdity in which no end is proposed except the satisfaction of an occupied mind seeking a solution which answers nothing but the desire to find whatever was hid. Great scholars, as Chaucer reminds us, are not always the wisest men; indeed they are much like other men in their impulses, and in those days it is certain that many of them were puzzle-minded. And many of their students came to believe that solving a puzzle was the essence of the study of literature. For research is the best of all puzzles because the most difficult. Nor is it surprising that when science by fitting together the broken pieces of the earth's history gave us a new history of man, the humanists should get to work with their books and pencils, forgetting sometimes to estimate the value of what they sought in the pleasure of the seeking. I knew a fabulist in my days in the graduate school, who for years had compared manuscript with manuscript of the fables of Aesop, tracing their indebtedness one to another by the use of "wolf" for "bear" or a peculiarity in the ass that wore the lion's skin, until he had curves of date and influence running clear across the European Middle Ages. It all meant nothing. The last fable was substantially the same as the first, for they were all copyist's work with not a touch of creativeness in the whole series. Indeed he was careful to leave out the elaborate reworkings of the old stories in the so-called beast epic, as corrupt versions adulterated by the egoism of a creative artist. It meant no more than counting the bricks in a hundred city blocks. Yet he was a happy man. His task extended onward indefinitely. He would never finish, and so need never draw conclusions. He had a puzzle so good that it got him a professorship. His case was extreme, yet illuminating.

In moments of relaxation between research in the library and the teaching of a class of Freshmen I used to ask myself what was the study of literature. Even as a child I had been puzzled by conflicting ideas of knowledge. When I was an ardent collector of minerals, an old scientist told me, "It isn't the beautiful crystal of quartz or of fluorite or beryl that is important; it is the rare and ugly diaspore, the greasy pseudomorph, the dull stone that points toward a new species." Even to my boyish mind this seemed a hard doctrine. For it was not because the crystal was rare, but because it was beautiful that I wished to possess it. The hexagonal of quartz had attained a perfection in which the lumpish columbite had failed.

I remembered this when I began to think about the teaching and study of prose and poetry. Sufficient for our masters in the Gothic Age was the study of literary history which supplied them with problems enough and material for endless teaching. Milton's "Lycidas" attacked, worried, dissected, and put together again, would keep them busy for a week.

Yet evidently this was only a preparation for the study of literature. One needed philosophy, since so much prose and poetry was difficult to understand without experience in the schools of philosophic thinking. There was psychology, which got its best illustrations, outside the laboratory, in fiction. There was religion, love, esthetics, all germane to literature. There were the complex ramifications of social history that determine the accent of a literary age. There was the continuity of human experience, highly important, since the relation of a book to this continuum seems to be the one criterion by which we can test the greatness of a literary masterpiece. Nor should it be forgotten that unless the teacher can integrate the literature of the past with the living mind before him, the literature he teaches stays dead.

There was plenty for us to do, but no one told us how much. Rather, we were urged to specialize. Our teachers, having discovered by their own investigations how frequently their predecessors had been wrong in fact or date, were determined that neither they nor we should overstep the line of exact knowledge. Get the first thing first, which was the facts. Let the rest wait—do it after hours—read in the summer—fill up the gaps later;—if you wish to be promoted contribute now to exact knowledge, not of literature, which is too vague a term to mean anything for a specialist, but of the facts about literature. And since, unfortunately, and in sharp contrast to natural science, the most important facts are known, wade in after the unimportant. To this, in our feeble hands, the study of literature came down in the first decades of the twentieth century.

No wonder that we were ignorant and often contemptuous of the writers of our own time. I remember the chivalrous revolt of the male students when a hard-working woman in our graduate school was denied her degree because in an oral examination it was discovered that she had never heard of Oscar Wilde and never read Thomas Hardy. What chance had she, with her brain sunk a fathom deep for three years in the fifteenth cen-

(*Continued on page* 14)

Air-Raid Rehearsals

By ROBINSON JEFFERS

UNHAPPY time why have you built up your house
So high that it cannot stand? I see that it has to fall;
When I look closer I can see nothing clearly, my eyes are blinded with rain.

I see far fires and dim degradation
Under the war-planes and neither Christ nor Lenin can save you.
I see the March rain walk on the mountain, sombre and lovely on the green mountain.

I wish you could find the inhuman loveliness,
The all-heal I found when a former time hurt me to the heart,
The incredible beauty of things: you would not be looking at each others' throats
with your knives.

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Moving Picture of a Cleric

MEN AND BRETHREN. By James Gould Cozzens. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

THIS is not the sort of book you would expect from the author of "The Last Adam"; but it is entirely worthy of the author of "The Last Adam," though it will be less interesting to all readers except such as have a taste for theology. Mr. Cozzens not only writes with distinction but thinks with distinction, even when he is thinking about that *scientia inscibilium* which for some of us is only the most fascinating of recreations, and for the general reading public far less than that.

However, the theological views of the Reverend Ernest Cudlipp, Mr. Cozzens's protagonist, are of secondary importance; what we get here, essentially, is a couple of specimen days of his pastoral life as vicar of the slum chapel of a church which, if topographical and architectural identification means anything, is certainly St. Bartholomew's. In place of the rural community depicted so fully in "The Last Adam" we have the peculiar "community" of a city dweller, any city dweller, the people whose only bond of union is their connection with him. On the one hand, the people connected with him by his job—in this case his parishioners, his curates, his rector; and outside of that group his friends — the heterogeneous friends of an intelligent man of forty-five, "celibate by conviction and inclination," but inclined also to good food when he can afford it, and good company when he can get it.

From the jacket of "Men and Brethren"

It cannot be said that Mr. Cudlipp's friends are very good company; because of his calling (and his personality) they all treat him as a psychiatrist whom you do not have to pay. In these two days he handles a dozen problems—very unconventionally, some of them, for a clergyman, though he professes to be orthodox enough in his views; sending a lapsed monk back to his order in penitence because there seems no other place for him in the world; directing an adulterous woman to get an abortion rather than make her husband bring up another man's child; realizing that in certain cases it was "cruel and useless to face facts," or rather to make others face them. Carrying on, in short; bringing very few problems to a final solution (but who does?) but keeping things going.

The problems are interesting enough, because Cozzens is good; more interesting to this reviewer were Cudlipp's occasional theological discussions (purely defensive, for he appears to have thought that the less said about theology the better); and behind it all, on the rare occasions when he has time to think of them, are the personal problems of Ernest Cudlipp—his poverty, his debts, his wondering just what he is coming to. Whether this is an accurate picture of urban pastoral life only an urban pastor can say, but it makes good reading; though Cudlipp is a far more complex and less epic character than Cozzens's country doctor.

The doctor (whose name, it might as well be confessed by this time, eludes the reviewer*) could be sketched in fairly broad strokes because he was that kind of person; Cudlipp is not so clear in this purely behavioristic characterization. Several times he tells what he thinks, why he does things ("a great obligation has been laid on me to do or be whatever good thing I have learned I ought to be, or know I can do"), but one is never quite sure what makes him tick, what keeps him going in a life that would drive most men mad. Very likely what keeps him going (as in the case of loop-the-loop drivers, or most middle-aged men) is momentum, the force of habit; meanwhile he certainly does a good job. Whether of such is the kingdom of heaven is a question that may be left to theologians; the kingdom of heaven on earth, if it ever comes, will probably be the work of men of a different type, for all Cudlipp's work is what J. B. S. Haldane calls "staving off the inroads of chaos." Yet chaos has to be staved off if we are ever to get any farther.

Elmer Davis's article, "Portrait of a Cleric," caused much discussion when it was published in Harper's a few years ago.

* *Dr. George Bull.—Editor.*

JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE

Instalment Living

IF I HAVE FOUR APPLES. By Josephine Lawrence. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ON page three of this novel the publisher of the Maxwell *Evening Record* inquires, "Can you teach that two and two make four to people who are firmly resolved to believe it makes eight?" Janet Bradley who runs a budget service on the paper, as editor of the woman's section, tries to show hard-up people who still have pay envelopes how to make both ends meet, and in the course of her work runs into Penter Hoe and his family. The book is the story of the Hoes.

It is therefore the story of harassed people living beyond their small means. The father is paying for a house he cannot afford. One daughter buys a dining-room set of modern furniture on the instalment plan, an extravagance that her fiancé rejects; the other has ambitions as a dancer which she cannot realize. The mother insists on feeding the family on the best food, when they cannot afford it; the son cherishes dreams of a future beyond his abilities. Reach is everywhere exceeding grasp. Finally the inevitable happens. The family has to give up the house. Yet the investment company may agree to rent the house to the Hoes for forty a month, and the Hoes may be able to rent their attic rooms for twenty a month. By relinquishing the department store job to which she has clung, the mother will really be introducing another economy. One daughter and the son, in spite of unrealized ambitions, are at least getting along. The other daughter is on the eve of marriage. But the ironical touch at the end is, that even though

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various failures have not quite resulted in ruin, that same daughter is already dreaming of purchasing for her new home a baby grand piano!

Mainly this is a tale of almost incredibly hopeful human nature—and we all have something of that in us. A lot of us are day-dreaming about getting "something for nothing," and refusing to face the hard facts of the exact amount we earn and the exact amount we spend. Few of us are realists in this respect. It seems to be an American trait to live half in a trance concerning a future that never materializes.

Quite aside from the question of the faults of our present economic system, Miss Lawrence sees clearly the fecklessness of the small American family with delusions of grandeur. Though saddling themselves with follies, they also labor, particularly the mother, and their pathos is apparent. This book is not notable for its style—once Miss Lawrence even speaks of "solicitation" when she means "solicitude"—but it says something worth saying concerning those of the lower-middle class, defining the mental fog in which they grope. It is in the nature of an object lesson.

Grade A Wodehouse

THE LUCK OF THE BODKINS. By P. G. Wodehouse. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $2.

THERE are three kinds of Wodehouse books: Grade A Wodehouse, Grade B Wodehouse, and the golf stories. Grade A includes all the Jeeves books, "Leave It to Psmith," the Blandings Castle novels, and, we are happy to report, "The Luck of the Bodkins." Of course all Mr. Wodehouse's books are alike—which is nothing against them—and even Grade B Wodehouse is very amusing reading. But what distinguishes the Grade A, or ne plus ultra, variety, is the presence in each of these books of one of the great Wodehouse characters—one so irresistibly funny that he cannot be confined to a single volume, because the Wodehouse fans clamor for more. Jeeves is one of these—we might call them epic-making—characters; so is Psmith; so is "that amiable but cloth-headed peer," the Earl of Emsworth. And so is Albert Peasemarch of the present volume, a magnificent moralizing and ballad-singing steamship steward, a man who achieves the stature of Jeeves by virtue of being everything that Jeeves isn't.

To analyze such pure and unpretentious humor as Wodehouse's is apt to sound sententious. Nor is it profitable to argue with those who find Wodehouse not to their taste. To the Wodehouse fans, it needs only be said that he has a new book out; and if there is anyone who has never read Wodehouse, "The Luck of the Bodkins" is a good novel to start with. The rewards begin on page one.

Blueprint of the Present

THE NEXT HUNDRED YEARS. The Unfinished Business of Science. By C. C. Furnas. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. 1936. $3.

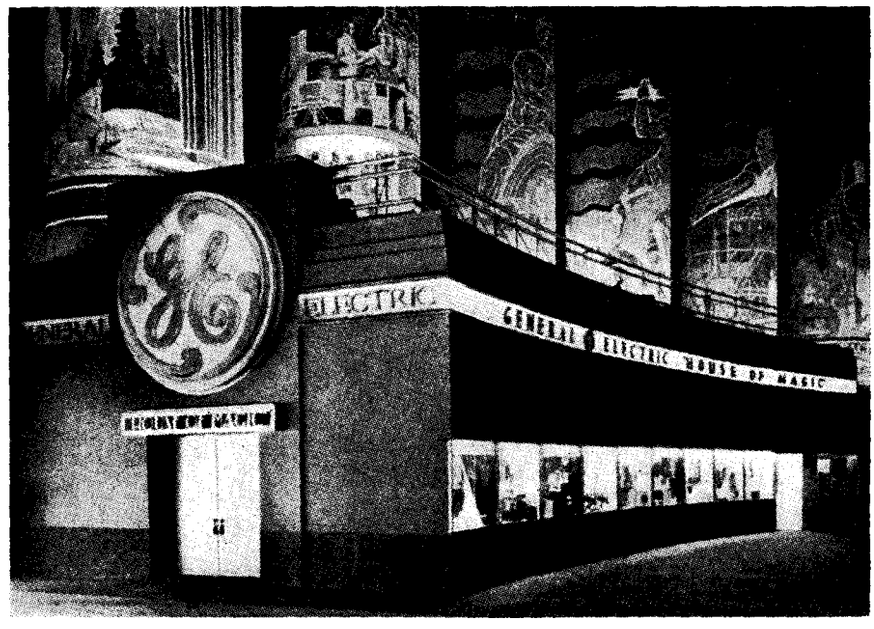
Reviewed by E. T. Bell

BEING a professor of chemical engineering, Mr. Furnas realizes that he can see no farther into a brick wall than the rest of us, and the title of his book, while good bait for those seeking a Wellsian prophecy of things to come, is in fact the most daring forecast he permits himself. A less misleading title would have been the past N years, where N is anything from one to one hundred. Indeed we are assured (p. 338) that "we do not now have the opportunity to make important, fundamental discoveries. Almost everything has been discovered; not quite everything, for we are still dribbling along, but almost." It seems clear from this that physics in particular is as impotent as some imagined it to be less than a decade before the discovery of the neutron and the positive electron. We must now accept Mr. Furnas's assurance that these discoveries are the last which poor old physics will dribble for at least a century.

The work was inspired, the author tells us, by his extended visit to the recent Chicago Century of Progress fair, where the idea came to him that "here was a book, not on what the fair was but on what it wasn't." Nevertheless, it is only too apparent from the masses of uncorrelated facts presented for our instruction and, presumably, enlightenment, that the author has not yet fully recovered from his disappointment over the late fair. In spite of himself he has been tremendously impressed by what may be called the immediate gadgetry of science. Occasionally he has a passing gleam that after all there may be, in pure science, "*fundamental* discoveries like those of Faraday, or Pasteur or the Curies" which may relegate the most ingenious of our highly prized contraptions to the scrap-heap *tomorrow*.

The "pure physicist" in particular seems to get in Mr. Furnas's hair and to cause him considerable annoyance. "The atomic interior," he admits, "is an intriguing place, but that is no reason for them (the pure physicists) all to bury themselves there." Perhaps not; yet it was from such voluntary sepulture in the utterly impractical that Faraday emerged with the "*fundamental* discoveries" that gave the world, among other alleged blessings, its present highly practical electrical age. However, as the author seems to have committed himself to the safe and uninspiring program of cataloguing things as they now appear to be in the more obvious phases of science, he is only being consistent when he keeps both eyes as well as both feet firmly on the ground.

Under the five main headings, Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Engineering, and Social Consequences, the thirty-one chapters of the book present an extremely matter of fact summary of miscellaneous scientific and technological information, frequently lapsing into downright stodginess, which for the most part has all been better done elsewhere by men who have taken the pains to master popular scientific writing to the point of making it



THE "HOUSE OF MAGIC"—*General Electric exhibit at the Chicago Fair*
"In spite of himself he has been tremendously impressed by . . . the gadgetry of science."

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readable. "Yes," the author says, "this is another book that endeavors to give science a popular though painless twist here and there, but it is a little different from the others. It is fundamentally interested in the discoveries yet unmade. . . ." If so, the author has failed to convey any hint of this interest to the reader, and indeed the most significant difference between this book and some others on popular science is that the authors of the latter have learned to write. Of synthesis, of an attempt to find a clue through the maze of uncorrelated fact spread before the conscientious reader, there is so little as to be negligible.

It may be true that some sort of picture of contemporary civilization can be imagined from the attentive study of a Sears-Roebuck catalogue, but it seems unlikely that anything of the kind will be inspired by the assimilation of an indigestible dictionary of popular scientific tidbits. The layman who reads science should no doubt be thankful for a collection of innumerable isolated facts, many of them of no evident interest or importance, from which to piece together his own picture of the present and immediate future of science and technology, but as a rule he is too busy earning his own living to help writers to earn theirs.

By implication Mr. Furnas has invited comparison of his attempt to tell the layman what science means for the world by appending brief, pungent criticisms to some of the better known books on popular science listed in his bibliography. The misguided reader who has chuckled over at least some passages of the Wells-Huxley "Science of Life," will be glad to learn that it is "authoritative, but attempts at humor fall flat." The danger of such criticism is that inherent in all boomerangs. Another work, on biological chemistry, is said to be "bursting with information"; many others are "somewhat out of date" —a frequent failure of works on science. "The Story of Common Things" is described as "A sort of museum composition. Matter of fact, stodgy writing. Full of information." This sounds like expert testimony. Readers of *The Atlantic Monthly* or *The American Mercury* are reminded that the former is "not averse to lending an ear to an ultra-conservative on rampage," while the latter is as "stimulating as strong smelling-salts," and is "more or less cultured bellyaching." Paul De Kruif's best-selling "Microbe Hunters" is "good reading," but De Kruif himself is guilty of two sins of at least one of which Furnas is as innocent as the babe unborn: he "strains for drama and doesn't mind stretching incidents to fit his prejudices."

E. T. Bell is professor of mathematics at the California Institute of Technology. He previously taught at the University of Washington and at the University of Chicago. He is the author of a number of books, including "Debunking Science" and "Queen of the Sciences"; also of numerous articles on mathematics.

Belgium and the War

ALBERT OF BELGIUM, DEFENDER OF RIGHT. By Emile Cammaerts. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

SINCE the death of King Albert nearly two years ago, several books have been published recounting the life of the Belgian monarch. The present is the most complete which I have encountered and is particularly satisfying in its handling of the part played alike by the King and by his army during the war. Apart from purely official reports there does not exist, so far as I know, any narrative which puts down in black and white both what the small Belgian army did between Liège and the close of the Battle of the Yser so completely or indicates so clearly the importance of the decisions taken by the ruler who was its commander-in-chief.

KING ALBERT AT LAKE GENESARETH: (*Photograph from the collection of Queen Elisabeth.*)

Like all the other biographers of King Albert, M. Emile Cammaerts does not succeed in making the subject of his narrative, who is also quite patently a hero in his eyes, a very appealing figure. To a surprising degree the King was like his portraits, stiff, awkward, and without any suggestion of the picturesque or the romantic. As a constitutional ruler, he went about the business of being king with industry, with fidelity, and with a certain measure of distaste. Always he cherished the conviction that if accident had not made him the ruler of a small country, he might have been a great engineer in a bigger world.

In the supreme crisis which was precipitated by the German ultimatum Albert acted with courage. For a brief moment he became a symbol for the enemies of Germany and as such for the first months the most familiar figure to the readers of war news all over the planet. After he had brought his stricken army safely back from the Scheldt to the Yser and shared in their desperate defense of the last few acres of Belgium remaining to them, he slowly faded out of the picture.

The return to the liberated kingdom on the heels of the beaten and disintegrating German army momentarily restored the brilliance and enthusiasm of the first days of the war. But at the Peace Conference the Big Three, Wilson, Clemenceau, and Lloyd George, were thinking of quite different things from those which concerned Belgian rights. Departing from his habitual way, King Albert made a sensational descent upon Paris in an airplane and pleaded Belgium's cause but his success was only mediocre.

On the occasion of that visit I remember seeing the King pass through the corridor of the Crillon to the elevator. He was in uniform, and his face and figure were familiar to newspaper readers in all Allied countries, but his passage created no stir. Hats were not raised, the cynical among the correspondents noted his presence by the question—"What does Belgium want?" The glamor was gone forever and after that last dash into the Allied camp the King disappeared into the routine of king business, interspersed with long journeys and high climbing.

The circumstances of his death were in a high degree typical. He perished not climbing one of the Dolomites but merely in scaling a chimney rock on the banks of the Meuse. His disappearance went long unnoted, and, as later investigation disclosed, the King had already reached the summit but there, too, disappearance into obscurity followed quickly. A good king, possessor of all the solid as contrasted with the shiny virtues, Albert was destined to seem a survivor of a distant and rapidly disappearing past, in an age of Mussolini and of Hitler.

For all who are interested in the various phases of the World War, however, this volume must necessarily be added to their libraries, for it furnishes an invaluable contribution to understanding the Belgian detail of the great struggle.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Biography and Plagiarism

THE suit recently entered by Francis Hackett, the biographer, is likely to prove educative, whichever way it is decided. He has charged the United Artists, Alexander Korda, and London Film Productions, Ltd., with plagiarism in using the material in his book "Henry the Eighth," in preparation of the moving picture based on the life of Henry VIII. Both book and film were widely circulated here and in England. The question in some naive minds will be, can biography be plagiarized?

There would be no such question if the true nature of history, and of biography which is a branch of history, were fully understood. History consists of the facts about the past; biography consists of the facts about a great man—that is the crude conception which too many of us get from the dogmatic teaching, and the over-simplified text-books, of our school days. It is an idea which the "scientific" historians and biographers of the past generation have unwittingly fostered. Indignant at the slipshod guessing of too many of their predecessors, and impressed by what they regarded as the wrong-headedness of men like Macaulay, who had made of English history a celebration of the triumph of Whig ideals, they determined that future historians should get the facts of what happened, and stick to them.

The result was a vast increase in our knowledge of the past, which soon reacted upon the writing and teaching of history, until even the undergraduate knows more of the true nature of the American Revolutionary War or the character of Charles II, than did a professional historian of the mid-nineteenth century.

So far so good. But no one knows all that happened in the American Revolution, or in the mind of Charles II. History and biography are both sciences up to the point where research can go—beyond which the art of interpretation must come into play. And in the art of interpretation the "scientific" historian and "scientific" biographer have been notably weak. Their devotion to facts has made them timid. Their refusal to let the imagination play after research had done its part has made their works too often reference books rather than histories, books in which one learns what can be proved by documents of a given age or man, but goes away unsatisfied with no usable idea of the nature of civilization, no living picture of the character and personality and significance of a great individual.

Against this scientific history Lytton Strachey rebelled with resounding success and others have followed him. But too many of these have strayed into those dangerous hinterlands where fiction and history blend. Many a recent biography has been really a novel, in which possibility has been strained into probability, and probability presented as the truth. Nor have the historians and biographers who repudiated the timidity of the scientific school escaped from the prejudices of their forebears among the great historians—Gibbon, Thucydides, Macaulay. They have had more documents at their disposal, thanks to the research of the scientists; they have had more facts from the remote past, thanks to the labors of the archeologists. Yet it will be clear to the next generation that if Gibbon's history of the later Roman centuries was colored by his hatred of the destructive influences of the early Christian church, Strachey's historical studies of the nineteenth century were equally colored by his dislike of Victorian sentiment.

To put it briefly—there is no such thing as dispassionate history which tells all the story on the basis of facts. There are never enough facts. There is never sufficient dispassionateness. The historian who writes without some theory of world history or of human character, at best can assemble a group of documents for his reader's interpretation. No one can tell a story of the past without the use of the imagination.

Hence the test of history and biography can never be:—Is it all true and nothing but the truth? We can only ask: Are the facts that are possible of collection all there and all truly presented? Is the interpretation put upon them by the historian or the biographer, just or unjust, probable or improbable, useful or confusing? Or more briefly still: Are the facts really facts; is the imagination of the historian first- or second-rate?

It should be clear even from this superficial outline that a biography such as Hackett's "Henry the Eighth" or Strachey's "Queen Victoria" may be, and, in these two cases, is, an interpretation of history. The true Henry VIII is irrecoverable, was presumably not truly known even by his contemporaries. We have Hackett's Henry VIII, Strachey's Queen Victoria. Therefore it is clear that plagiarism of written history and plagiarism of biography are possible. The facts are public property. An interpretation, original to an author, which means not made before, and in which the known exploits of a Charlemagne, a Mary Queen of Scots, a Benjamin Franklin, are given a definitely new significance, may be as much the property of the biographer as Jane Austen's Elizabeth Bennet or Thackeray's Becky Sharp.

Clarence Day

For those who knew him, Clarence Day's death has made all other events of the week seem trivial. He was a great realist—and even if there are realists on every street corner now, few have had this telescopic vision for the human being behind every situation. He was an admirable writer, whose terse sentences when the style of others was profuse and experimental seemed the work of a modest amateur, and were actually in the tradition of the great essayists in whom wisdom spoke without thundering. In reading Clarence Day, it is inevitable to think of Montaigne, but quite vain, for he was so much a product of nineteenth century America as to invalidate comparison. His kindliness is American; his pessimism is the hedging of an optimist who sees that human nature will never catch up with its promises; his humor is the delight in paradox of a man who has lived in a comfortable society that was quite sure it was master of its own fate. He was twentieth century America philosophizing upon the nineteenth, satiric yet sympathetic, in a way which no younger man of a leaner, less humorous time will ever be able to equal. And though he wrote ostensibly of Father and of the simian world, in neither text nor picture did he ever fail to include a hint of himself. He was one of those fortunate men whose personalities achieve an expression that is complete.

Ten Years Ago

The first important American novel reviewed in these columns in 1926 was the major work of an established author. "An American Tragedy" by Theodore Dreiser was reviewed by Sherwood Anderson in The Saturday Review for January 9th, 1926. "*Take Dreiser's two volumes . . .*" he advised, "*find out, once for all, the difference between a human flesh and blood, male man, full of real tenderness for life, and the smarties, the word slingers, the clever fellows, the nasty cocksure half men of the writing world. . . . Read . . . 'An American Tragedy' . . . if you have any feeling for American writing.*"

Mr. Anderson's opinion has been justified. "An American Tragedy" has gone through a number of editions totaling over 110,000 copies. And, although the novel is on the recommended lists at various colleges, it is still banned in Boston, is still a subject for controversy.

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Letters to the Editor: *The Federal Writers' Projects of the Works Progress Administration*

Writers and the Government

A letter from the Director of the Federal Writers' Projects

SIR:—For the first time in the history of the United States writers are working for the government as writers. In the past some eminent American authors have held posts in the Government. Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, William Dean Howells, James Russell Lowell, and others were ministers and consuls in the foreign service of the United States Government. Herman Melville worked in the New York Customs House, and today Claude G. Bowers and Meredith Nicholson represent this nation abroad. But until the Federal Writers' Projects were organized under the Works Progress Administration this year, the government had never helped writers actively by giving them direct employment at their craft and by subsidizing work for writers, as it has, for instance, work for shipbuilders and other craftsmen.

Until the Works Progress Administration program was launched, there were no direct projects to care for the large number of destitute writers who were fighting off starvation throughout the country. In a few of the states attempts had been made to employ writers, but there was no widespread movement to aid this important branch of our professional society.

The problem of dealing with writers was a more difficult one than that of dealing with any other class of the unemployed. The administration had to avoid instituting any projects which would make the government responsible for the opinions and convictions of writers from all classes of society and of varied political and economic beliefs. From the writers' point of view the problem was one of working on government projects without submitting their convictions or opinions to government censorship or dictation. Painters, sculptors, and musicians were an easier problem, for their convictions were expressed by means of a more personal medium and were usually of a less controversial nature and often completely abstract.

The project of The American Guide was inaugurated in order to solve the problem of caring for writers who need government aid and who at the same time must preserve their integrity and independence. A guide to America is a much needed project. The last guide to this country, published by Baedeker in 1909, appeared before the automobile had made such important changes in our social and economic life. The work on the new American Guide is interesting to writers because of the information they gather and the insight they gain into the history and economy of their communities. At the same time the thirty hours of work each week which they do on the Guide is not so exhausting as to prevent them from using their talents for outside work.

The American Guide at the peak will employ about 5,000 writers throughout the United States. At first it was thought that the number needing aid was smaller, but after the project was started, it was discovered that the quota was by no means too large to meet the demand.

"WELL, OFF HAND, I'D SAY IT WAS SOMETHING BY EZRA POUND."

The wage scale paid workers on the Writers' Projects is the prevailing security wage scale set for Professional and Service Projects by the Works Progress Administration. There are four salary regions which in turn have various salary scales—the individual county being the unit and the salary scales being set by the density of population in the urban centers of these counties. The workers also receive different wages as a result of their classification, there being four categories: Professional, Skilled, Intermediate, and Unskilled. There are no unskilled workers on the Writers' Projects. The Professionals receive the highest security wage, Skilled next, and Intermediate the lowest. The majority of workers on the Federal Writers' Projects are employed as Professional or Skilled workers, the classification being made upon their standing and experience as writers, journalists, research specialists, and the like.

The top security wage for Professionals is $103.50 a month—the prevailing rate in that category in Region One is $94.00. Professionals on the Project in New York City are receiving at the rate of $103.50. The lowest rate paid Professionals is in the smaller communities in salary Region Four. These are paid approximately $50.00 a month. However, the vast majority of workers on the Writers' Projects are located in the urban centers and are paid considerably above this scale.

A number of our State Directors are prominent writers, poets, journalists, and historians. Among the workers on the project are a number of well-known writers. Harry Kemp, John Moroso, Ross Santee, and Edward Dahlberg are a few that I recall, and I am aware that there are a number of others with national reputations. To date we have had no opportunity to obtain lists of the better known writers now employed on the project, since we have been in actual operation only a little over a month. We do know that every effort has been made by our several State Directors to absorb the better known writers.

The problem of those placed in charge of directing the work on The American Guide is primarily a relief problem, but at the same time every effort is being made to turn out the most significant publication they can create. The directors of the project both in Washington and in the states are writers, scholars, and research experts themselves with a sense of craftsmanship, and they are endeavoring to make the Guide more than a handbook of tourist information. In addition to material of use to travellers, the five volumes covering five regions of the United States will contain material relating to the economic and industrial history of the communities described, as well as comment on scientific and artistic facilities and regional folk lore.

In some of the less populous parts of the country there were not trained writers on relief rolls who could do the work needed for the Guide. But with the cooperation of the trained staff in Washington and in the larger centers of the country, careful and accurate work is being done. In addition to the efforts of their own personnel the directors of the Federal Writers' Projects have been receiving the active coöperation of many volunteers from historical societies, folk

(*Continued on page 23*)

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The End of a Dramatic Era

THE PULITZER PRIZE PLAYS: 1918-1934. Edited by Kathryn Coe and William H. Cordell. Introduction by William Lyon Phelps. New York: Random House. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by CLAYTON HAMILTON

THE sixteen Pulitzer Prize plays from 1918 to 1934 have been assembled in a single volume, edited by Kathryn Coe and William H. Cordell and published by Random House. The text of each play is reprinted in entirety and is prefaced by a brief account of the author's career. The editors apparently have done their work with proper care, although it is somewhat astonishing to find that the first name of Joseph Wood Krutch has mysteriously been changed to John.

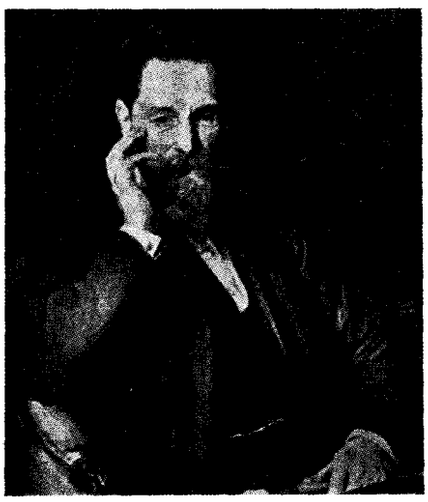
It is peculiarly fitting that this collection should be published precisely at the present time. The first fifteen of the sixteen plays thus gathered together in a single book were chosen consistently in accordance with a careful mechanism of award which, despite inevitable difficulties, worked so well in practice that the prestige of the Pulitzer Prize for Drama was built up, season after season, to such a degree that the annual announcement came to be regarded as a matter of national importance. Within the last two years, however, this long-established mechanism of award has been drastically altered. In consequence, the Pulitzer Prize for Drama has speedily been robbed of its prestige, and the theatre-loving public has learned already that any awards in future seasons may be smilingly dismissed as negligible. This present volume must, therefore, be accepted as a serviceable summary of a completed chapter in the history of the American theatre.

The book is provided with a brief Introduction by William Lyon Phelps. In an amiable effort to avoid the mood of criticism, Professor Phelps has evaded also an obvious opportunity to explain to the theatre-loving public many matters which that faithful public has a right to know.

Joseph Pulitzer stated, in his will, that a prize of one thousand dollars should be awarded "annually, for the original American play, performed in New York, which shall best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good manners, and good taste." He decreed, furthermore, that this award should be bestowed by the trustees of Columbia University, on recommendation from the Advisory Board of the School of Journalism.

This Advisory Board is composed of a dozen distinguished gentlemen, each of whom is the proprietor, the editor, or the managing editor of an important newspaper or news-agency. They are chosen, on a geographic basis, to represent every section of this country; and they meet, once a year, in New York City, at the outset of the month of May.

Since none of these gentlemen was equipped with any special knowledge of the theatre, and since most of them lived so many hundreds or thousands of miles away from New York City that they could never hope to see more than half a dozen of the plays presented every season, they decided, at the very outset, to delegate the responsibility of recommending the best American play to a special Jury of three professional men of the theatre selected from the National Institute of Arts and Letters. The Chairman of the first Jury, appointed in 1917, was Augustus Thomas, who was at that time our foremost dramatist and the acknowledged leader of the theatrical profession in this country.



JOSEPH PULITZER: FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SARGENT
"Annually, original, best."

In the early years, a good deal of public discussion was occasioned by the three final phrases in Mr. Pulitzer's citation; but I am in a position to testify that the Jurors did not deem it necessary to pay any attention to those phrases. As artists and as critics of art, they realized that the only way in which a dramatist can possibly improve the standards of good morals, good manners, and good taste is by focussing his attention solely on his own integrity as a craftsman. A play cannot be immoral unless it is untrue; and nobody need worry about the manners or the taste of any play which, considered solely as a work of art, is good enough to be regarded as the best play of the year. Nevertheless, in 1928, the Advisory Board deleted these unnecessary phrases.

The most important words in Mr. Pulitzer's citation were, and still remain, the word "annually," the word "original," and the word "best."

Unlike the Nobel Prize for Literature, which is awarded only once to an author for the entire work of his lifetime, this is an annual prize. But theatrical production seems to go in waves. A season distinguished by four or five plays of exceptional merit may be succeeded by a season in which the ablest plays do not rise above the commonplace. The best play of a bad year may actually be inferior to the fourth best play of a good year; and yet the prize must be given every year and only once a year. Because of the vicissitudes of the calendar, so eminent a dramatist as Maxwell Anderson was placed in the almost ludicrous position of winning the prize in 1933 with "Both Your Houses," which is one of the least important of his plays; and, on the other hand, a play so true and touching as "Wednesday's Child," by Leopold Atlas, had to be passed over in 1934, although it might have won the prize if it had been produced one year before.

In 1923 the best play of American authorship was "Rain" by John Colton and Clemence Randolph, but it had to be passed over because it was a dramatization of a story by a British author and was therefore neither "original" nor basically "American."—The prize, that year, was awarded to Owen Davis for "Icebound," although, in the preceding season, he had failed to win the prize with "The Detour," which was the best play he ever wrote.

In 1931, the award to "Alison's House" was criticized adversely because the play was notably inferior to the prize-winners of the three preceding seasons,—"The Green Pastures," "Street Scene," and "Strange Interlude." Yet, under the existing conditions, this award, though somewhat disappointing, was inevitable, because Miss Glaspell's play was clearly the best of a poor season.

In 1921, the prize was given to a dramatized novel, "Miss Lulu Bett." The question of "originality" arose; but, because the book was dramatized by the author herself, without assistance, it was ruled that the play should be regarded as "original." A somewhat similar question arose in 1930, when the prize was of necessity bestowed upon "The Green Pastures," the most beautiful play that has ever yet been written in America. The idea of asking the public to re-imagine the ancient Hebrew scriptures through the medium of the primitive minds of the children in a Negro Sunday-school had been suggested to Marc Connelly by a collection of prose sketches by Roark Bradford; but, since Mr. Connelly had not been employed to transfer Mr. Bradford's material to the stage but had obviously launched an independent creation of his own, the Jury ruled that his play must be regarded as "original."

In 1925, the best American play was obviously "What Price Glory?" by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson; but one of the Jurors, Mr. Hamlin Garland, refused to vote for it, because his sense of propriety had been offended by the language of the leather-necks. The

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other Jurors were the late Jesse Lynch Williams and myself. In deference to Mr. Garland, who was fifteen years older than Mr. Williams and twenty-five years older than myself, we offered to agree upon Sidney Howard's play, "They Knew What They Wanted," which might easily have won the prize in almost any other year.

In 1934, the Jury—then composed of Walter Prichard Eaton, Austin Strong, and myself—submitted an unanimous verdict in favor of "Mary of Scotland," by Maxwell Anderson, which is one of the few abiding contributions to the dramatic literature of the entire world which have yet originated in America. Without any explanation, the Advisory Board rejected this judgment and awarded the Prize to "Men in White," by Sidney Kingsley.

This piece had achieved a justified success at the box-office by reason mainly of perfect casting and impeccable stage-direction; but the Jurors realized that the Pulitzer Prize had been established, not for acting or for stage-direction, but for dramatic authorship.

A clue to this curious action of the Advisory Board was afforded when the mechanism of award was altered by the addition of a new phrase to Mr. Pulitzer's citation. This new phrase read, "dealing preferably with American life." Apparently, our journalistic leaders had turned 150 per cent American!

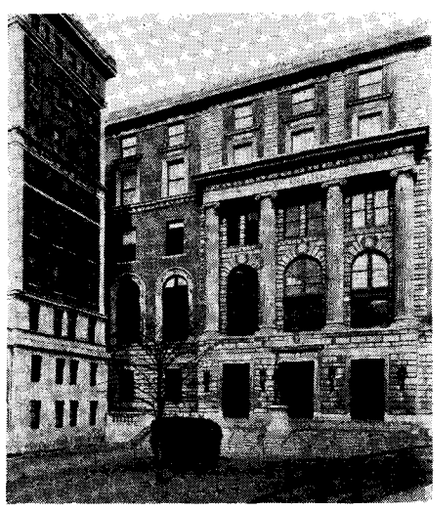
In commenting on this change, Professor Phelps, in accordance with his amiable habit of endorsing nearly everything, says, "It simply gave . . . assistance in deciding between . . . two plays that might be of equal artistic merit." He neglects to point out that it is rather silly to solve a problem of comparative values, not by the method of criticism, but by the method of geography; and he also fails to indicate that this new regulation might deter any American dramatist from attempting a purely imaginative play of the type of "The Blue Bird," by Maeterlinck.

Since the members of the Advisory Board were journalists of national reputation, they were naturally sensitive to the nation-wide reaction against an indefensible decision. In order to avoid any future schism between the professional members of the Jury and the non-professional members of the Board, they decided to deprive the Jury of any vestige of authority.

By a new arrangement, they suggested that the Jurors, after dutifully devoting fifty or sixty evenings of their working time to a careful study of every American play of serious pretensions, should tactfully refrain from nominating the prize-winning play. Instead, the Jurors were invited to submit a list of three or four or half a dozen plays, to any of which the Prize might appropriately be awarded as the best play of the year. Under these conditions, Mr. Eaton, Mr. Strong, and I declined to serve again.

Since the three new Jurors who were selected to cover the season of 1934-1935 agreed to serve without authority, it would not be fair to burden them with any responsibility for the final choice. In defiance of the terms of Mr. Pulitzer's bequest, the Advisory Board awarded the prize to a piece which, under no possible interpretation of the adjective, could be regarded as an "original" play. An able dramatist, Miss Zoë Akins, had been hired —for fifty per cent of the royalties—to make a stage version of "The Old Maid," a novel by the celebrated Mrs. Edith Wharton. Miss Akins did a good job; but she was the first to acknowledge that complete credit should be assigned to Mrs. Wharton for the invention of the story, the creation of the characters, and the evocation of the old-time atmosphere which permeated the play.

But, even if "The Old Maid" had been eligible for consideration, no competent critic who had studied the theatre season with serious attention had ranked it higher than sixth or seventh among the American plays of the year. Under these circumstances, the award to "The Old Maid" was preposterous.



A. Tennyson Beals

THE COLUMBIA SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

"150 per cent American."

A further regulation was promulgated last autumn, by the Advisory Board, to the effect that the Pulitzer Prize for Drama can henceforward be awarded only once to any single author. The effect of this decree is to rule out of any future competition such dramatists as Eugene O'Neill, Maxwell Anderson, Sidney Howard, George Kelly, Elmer Rice, Paul Green, George S. Kaufman, and Marc Connelly.

Presumably this *annual* prize is still to be given to the *best* play of the year; but this *best* play must not be written by any of our leading dramatists! Under these conditions, the serviceable project imagined by Joseph Pulitzer is reduced to the absurd.

This present volume, therefore, is peculiarly timely. It summarizes, as I have said before, a completed chapter in the history of the American theatre.

Selections from a Writer's Workshop

FORSYTES, PENDYCES AND OTHERS. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

NOT only admirers of Galsworthy's books but all who are interested in literary craftsmanship will be grateful to Mrs. Galsworthy for publishing these selections from her husband's portfolios. Reading a new Galsworthy book after a struggle through the hubbub of contemporary literature is like meeting in the polyglot mob of a city street some noble and generous old friend whom one has scarcely hoped to see again. One's spirit is refreshed by contact with that gracious spirit, and one's faith in humanity is restored. This book offers no new and finished masterpieces, but it does something at least equally important. It takes us into the writer's workshop at different periods in his career, and shows us novels, plays, and stories in various stages of development. It tells us, too, what Mr. Galsworthy thought of a number of his predecessors and contemporaries, with penetrating *obiter dicta* in regard to the writer's craft.

A brief review can do no more than suggest the rich variety of interest in the book. The earliest piece, "The Doldrums," was done before Galsworthy had any idea of becoming a professional writer. In rather labored style it relates an actual occurrence on a British merchant ship—the death of an opium victim; and the author himself and Joseph Conrad, who was first mate of the ship, figure in the narrative. Here is a bit of prentice work, in substance of much biographical interest. Next in time comes the fragment of a novel, written ten years later as an opening for "The Country House." It was discarded, but the reader who knows his Galsworthy will see that a good deal of the material was utilized in "Strife."

There are half a dozen stories of varying lengths, belonging to the years 1922-1927, and showing the author's mature mastery; among them are two, "The Black Coat" and "Told by a Schoolmaster," which deserve to rank with the best tales in "Caravan." The dramatic pieces include a one-act satiric squib, a rejected episode from "Escape," and two fragments of unfinished plays, with the longer of which Mr. Galsworthy had been occupied just before his death. This last, about half completed, contains a first-rate comic character, and the plot development offers a fascinating problem. A series of "Notes on Fellow-Writers" includes much acute criticism.

Homer E. Woodbridge is professor of English at Wesleyan University.

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"Workers, Unite!"

MARCHING! MARCHING! By Clara Weatherwax. New York: The John Day Co. 1936. $1.90.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS novel is written in that mixture of physical description, states of consciousness, semi-articulation, and violent impressionism which is characteristic of the post-Joycean school. Nevertheless, however modernistic its husks of diction, it is the nearest approach in the current school of so-called proletarian fiction to those passionate works of the imagination which have accompanied every great attempt at reform. Those who have been reading class-conscious fiction, or books which deal with the struggles of laboring men and women to unite, will find nothing essentially new in the facts of its story. Here is the kind of mill town in the Pacific Northwest of which Robert Cantwell writes—its laborers drawn from half a dozen races, hardly able to understand each other's English. Here is the speedup in the attempt to beat the depression, the lay-off of leaders dangerous to the bosses, the account of a dangerous industry, in which accidents are frequent and economic security an illusion. Here are the mill owners, dissolute spenders in private life, who use the machinery of a corrupt local government to keep their profits flowing. Here is a town, built to be ugly, in which two nations live at each other's throats: the laborers spied upon, beaten by thugs, kept down to the subsistence level or below it, yet virile with an overplus of physical strength, and morally strong in the knowledge that if they can unite no one can stop them;—and the owners and their parasites, cruel, grasping, self-centered, or uncertain and fearful. All this in different terms has been written of before. And the mood of the writing also is familiar. It is melodrama (like "Uncle Tom's Cabin") and a dramatization of the sufferings and the virtues of the underdog.

This is no criticism. There never yet was a novel-with-a-purpose that was fair, because men and women who have been abused, tortured, betrayed, and who tell their story in a book are not fair. How should they be? One does not read a novel like "Marching! Marching!" to find out the cure of labor troubles, or to learn what to think about production for use. One reads it to get close to the laborer's life and his imagination, to see him, feel as he feels, live with him in his sweat and danger and crude satisfactions, hope and grow excited with him. One reads a novel of the lumber industry, to hear the scream of broken saws, to see the great fir crash on the devastated hillside, to tiptoe at night along the stinking waterfront with the organizers, leaving pamphlets "Workers, Unite" in dirty doorways, to sit in Nick's place in a slop of beer while Waterfront Charlie tries to teach drunken longshoremen and old Wobblies that violence never pays, to go home with Annie and Mary to filth and thwarted love and the new idea that "workers unite" may make them human again.

This novel does this. Here are real people talking in chopped off sentences. Here is what happens in the woods, in the mills, on the streets, at home, when the corrupt alliance of business with politics which these people call fascism begins its dirty work. Forced labor:—

> Speedup, speedup. Logmen and crane operators swung the crushing logs onto the flat cars where the loading scaler rapidly counted and measured while his punk stamped the company mark on each butt with a heavy hammer. Even engineers and firemen hardly able to joke, they were worked so hard.

CLARA WEATHERWAX

Brutality—

> "Yeah, the Goddam son of a bitch! He pushed Leta so hard her head flopped back, like this, and it made her bite her tongue. And when she sort of groaned, he claimed she was talking back. Jeez! Did he yell?"

Argument—

> "Wish I'd give Grogan a punch in the nose while we was there." "That Mario . . . relief for some Filipinos, too." "Aw, he's just a red." "Well, Jeez! who cares? He got the food, didn't he? And by God, if being red does it I'll be red!"

Pathos—

> . . . to have clean beds, a room of her own, clothes not thin and shiny, and food, food that tasted good, that the belly would keep without protest; to be able to work with human dignity.

Whatever the cure, whosoever's the fault, one feels that this is the way these people live, talk, think. You see the world from their waterfront. The idealism of "workers unite" is their idealism. No one preaches but their leaders. No one looks in from the outside but old Granny the New Englander who steals down to the meeting, and reads leaflets hidden in the family album. The bosses, the owners, the judges, the bought newspapers, the timorous grand jury, the President and his New Deal, are all remote forces, evil, or frightened, or weak, to be estimated only by the results of their acts. It is a workers' world seething about a new idea, spitting it down, yielding to it, frightened and exultant:—workers, unite.

And hence here is a real novel, not pleasant reading certainly, and painfully congested with confusing detail. Unhappily lacking also in that simple device of a plot with which earlier reformers put over upon hundreds of thousands of readers, perhaps more naive than we are, their stories of the fight between greed and uprising humanity. Not (thank God!) a social tract, of which we have had too many, but a narrative rich in humanitarianism (for which I trust the Marxists will not throw Miss Weatherwax out of the party), and made as rigorously true to the emotions of those who live in it, as it is unfair to many not on the workers' side. That in a novel, is the only kind of truth that counts.

I can only wish that the author in her attempt to find an English prose which would be the right medium for these workers whose hands are more articulate than their tongues, and whose tongues speak a jargon that has to be shouted in the roar of factories or the hubbub of a saloon,—I wish she had been a little less radical in her punctuation. Her speakers seldom finish a sentence—as in life; her arguers mix up a dozen ideas in a statement—as in life; her Petes and Marios and Marys think and talk to themselves at the same time—also as in life. But she has thrown overboard a system of punctuation which has been worked out neither for radicals nor conservatives, but to keep the record straight as to who was talking and how and when. For this she substitutes italics for speaking, with a mass of half articulate or inarticulate thinking dumped into the lines without dash, dot, or comma. It is hard going sometimes and slows up the reader when he is most eager to go on.

But this is a mannerism which sometimes impairs, but never destroys, the power of the first story of the American proletariat that succeeds in conveying its passion to the reader without benefit of previous conversion to the cause.

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The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

"Questio Quid Juris"

I SEE in the newspapers that The People of the State of New York, on the complaint of John S. Sumner (of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice) charge the Gotham Book Mart, a bookshop at 51 West 47 Street, of having violated Section 1141 of the Penal Law. That section forbids the manufacture or sale of literary matter that is "obscene, lewd, lascivious, filthy, indecent or disgusting."

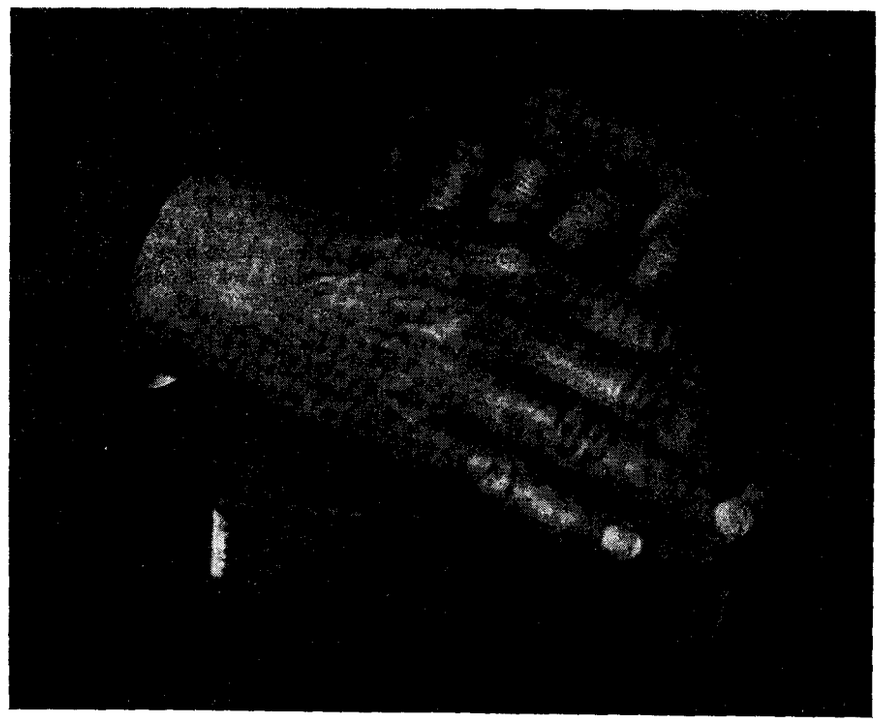
As one of the People of the State of New York I probably have a right to dissent from this prosecution. I am not a lawyer so my brief will really be short. But as this sort of thing might happen to anyone in the book trade it is not inappropriate for comment. I shall not mention the title of the book which is the subject of Mr. Sumner's anxiety; to do so would only give it factitious advertising. Too often the Vice Society's complaints serve to increase the distribution of what they hope to suppress. So we will call the book X, and say only that it was written by one of the most eminent of living authors; that it has had a large sale abroad; that it was translated by the sister of a famous English writer; that it was published here last October by a house noted for distinguished literary production. Further, that it was issued at a high price ($5) and in a limited edition of 1500 copies because it is obviously, in English, a work of very restricted appeal. Except to special students of its rather intricate author it is of a devastating and somnambulizing dulness. Those familiar with the author's previous work will value it as the autobiography of a French philosopher of puritan origin, revealing with tormented candor the intellectual and biological griefs of his youth. It is definitely a book for specialists, and unlikely ever to come to the attention of the casual reader. When it appeared the publisher stated that the type had been distributed and no further printings were possible.

Now observe the procedure. The book had been published for about six weeks; had been reviewed (with yawning respect) by most of the highbrow critics. On December 5 an agent known I think as a plainclothesman comes into the Gotham Book Mart, asks for a copy of X, pays cash, and obtains a receipt. (As a matter of fact, since the price paid was $5.10, including 10 cents Sales Tax for the City of New York, it occurs to me that the City itself is really a co-defendant in the case?) The unsuspecting bookseller, who has not read the book, is served two days later with a Jane Doe summons. A couple of days after this she goes duly to court; is put under arrest; after considerable anguish and delay is allowed to telephone to the publisher of the book. He sends his attorneys to her aid and she is released in their custody. At the subsequent hearing (if that is what it's called) the court with understanding kindness granted a postponement of the trial until after the holidays. For all this happened just at the one season of the year which is the bookseller's only chance to do a little business.

From my point of view (as a member of The People of the State of New York) the particular book X is irrelevant in this discussion. There are two larger considerations that I believe need examining.

First, booksellers are among the most valuable public servants we have; and the small independent bookseller has a devil of a time making ends meet. The competition of big cut-price department stores, for instance, is painful enough were there no other problems to face. When I consider what the intelligent bookshop does for us, not only in the way of pastime afforded but in giving us a chance to discover the bread and meat of life, I think it socially inexpedient to make his existence any harder. How long must he continue under his present grotesque uncertainty as to what book or books may or may not be subject to sudden prosecution? It would be more impossible for the trader in books to read every volume in his stock than for the grocer to sample every package of food on his shelves. If I were to be made ill by a can of my favorite mushroom soup surely my recourse would lie against the canner, not against the neighborhood store? But the procedure in these accusations under Section 1141 is more fantastic still. The vendor is arraigned (and, even if acquitted, put to public scandal and heavy legal fees) on the assumption that someone *might* be made ill. Can the law penalize possibilities? And at any rate, in the case of a contemporary book, the defendant should be the publisher, who has read the work, obtained copyright, and labelled it with his name.

Second, it would be interesting to know on what principle the Vice Society chooses its defendants. Sometimes it would seem that it picks on those who would seem least likely to afford powerful retaliation. The book X was on sale (and purchased) at many other stores at the time of and subsequent to its collusive purchase at the Gotham Book Mart. It was said at the court hearing that the Vice Society's agent went first to the publisher, who had no copies of the book; and that someone there suggested the G. B. M. as a possible resort. The publisher, I believe, denies this. But the odd thing is that in going on foot (as most biblio-



CENSORSHIP *(Photo by Samuel Kravitt)*

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philes do) from the publisher's office on East 57 to the Gotham Book Mart on West 47 the plainclothesman would pass three of the largest bookstores in the country, in none of which did he pause. Unless of course the Vice Society pays taxi fare for its provocateurs. It is hard to resist the notion that Mr. Sumner chose this particular prosecution because both the publisher and the bookseller concerned had previously been attacked without success. The publisher was able to get *Ulysses* (also a work of most appalling tedium) accepted as an article of open trade; and a complaint against Miss Steloff of the Gotham Book Mart, four years ago, for possessing in her shop a certain Chinese classic, was dismissed by Magistrate Brodsky. The gravamen against this Chinese work was that it contained some drawings of nudes (very naively and humorously drawn). Therefore it amused me to notice that the gold seal of the Court of General Sessions, officially dismissing that earlier complaint, seems to carry on it an undraped classic figure. However, the copy I have seen was rather crumpled, I can't be sure.

The Gotham Book Mart, known to many readers of *The Saturday Review*, happens to be a shop of specially artistic and mature clientele. It deals not only in current books but in first editions, rare and out of print items, works on drama and the arts. Bookstores of this kind make generous contribution to public taste and culture. They are the last places likely to be visited by the callow hunter for tripe and smut. Their struggle for existence is correspondingly severe. If the powerful Vice Society (the list of its eminent supporters is rather surprising) wishes to test the social dangers of literature I think it trivial to choose so modest an opponent. At the time of the preceding attack on the Gotham Book Mart, Mr. Sumner and his assistants procured a search warrant and spent several hours on the premises, hunting for dirt. They explored the store and the cellar and all they could find were the Chinese classic referred to above and a Turkish variant of the Arabian Nights. Their complaint, as I have said, was thrown out of court. Is it possible that—like his namesake in Chaucer—the Summoner is eager for reprisal? "Aye *Questio quid juris* would he cry." (I wonder if Mr. Sumner knows his Chaucer?)

So at least one of The People of the State of New York wishes to go on record that he thinks this an indecent way of attempting to protect public decency. I hold no brief for any particular book. X certainly offers no inducement to lust; it is so tedious that only the most prurient searcher would find its painful passages, unless Mr. Sumner had marked them for him beforehand. Certainly it depicts only the horror and boredom of vice. But the book itself is unimportant. Year after year these cases recur, often actually creating a demand for silly and vulgar stuff. Fortunately we have had in this State a long succession of conscientious judges and magistrates who have not agreed with the Vice Society's opinion as to what is obscene. But the fundamental situation is still unaltered. Apparently the dealer in literature is at the mercy of capricious arrest and mortifying embarrassment.

In conclusion (your honors) I admit I am in a position of anomaly. As a citizen of the State of New York I am one of the plaintiffs. As a worker in the City of New York I am also a defendant, the City having connived a percentage on Mr. Sumner's collusive purchase. The two attitudes cancel out. I submit that this prosecution should be dismissed as an absurdity; more than that, as an injury to an innocent bookseller; more than that, as a delict upon the intelligence of the People. I believe that those who support the Vice Society would agree with me. Oddly enough, at least one of them is one of the world's most famous book collectors.

Ampersands

&&& On a recent visit to Hartford, Conn., we were pleased to learn that the Mark Twain Diner, on Farmington Avenue, is a grand place for both Terpsichore and chicory very early in the morning, after most of Connecticut is well swaddled. &&& The Hampshire Bookshop (Northampton, Mass.) is, we believe, the first bookstore to have its own advertising match-folders. &&& Re Hartford, we found that Edwin Valentine Mitchell's attractive bookshop is now run by Brentano's, and Mitchell himself is resuming the publishing business.

&&& A British correspondent amuses us by remarking that he lives in a genteel suburb "where few have serious financial worries apart from an occasional appearance of the wolf at the garage door." &&& The most amusing way to begin the New Year is by reading Richard Hull's *Keep It Quiet* (Putnam). Mr. Hull began 1935 with the most viciously humorous detective story of recent times (*The Murder of My Aunt*) and this new one is a worthy successor. And, a magnificent novelty, it's laid in a men's club and there's not a woman in the story. Every club library must have this book at once.

Puzzle Scholarship

(*Continued from page 4*)

tury! And since we youngsters of the period were already beginning to take on the literary education of the new generation of students, it is not surprising that, aiming to make specialists like ourselves of our classes, we often failed to persuade them to enjoy the most likable books. Is this the reason that the American college graduate, especially the male graduate, unlike the educated class of any other great nation, is not a reader of books, especially of books in that field of belles lettres which he most frequently elected to study in his student days? He got the facts, and, like his instructors, let the culture wait for a better opportunity, which, as the sales of good books in the United States pathetically show, has not yet come.

Thus the scholar in our college which still relied upon the humanities for the core of its education, often became an intellectual spinster. Like spinsters, he had suppressed some of his vital functions, and narrowed the outlet for his energies. He was afraid of everything he had not investigated, and hence his work grew more and more remote from life. And like some spinsters, too, he met with an incomprehension hard to bear. His students were also working tirelessly for ends that no philosopher would have approved. They specialized in athletics precisely as the professor specialized in the emendation of texts. But their objectives were easily comprehensible to the country at large and hence to themselves. Their rewards of college fame or social position were immediate, and popular opinion approved of them. But the scholar's ideal was the perfect knowledge which precedes all wisdom. And its visible evidence was to be seen in books which only his colleagues could read, and which indeed represented only fragments of imperfect knowledge, of whose ultimate use he himself seemed scarcely aware. Therefore students of the college and the public alike, could too often see in scholarship only something that was eccentric, futile, un-American, which could not be taken seriously by red-blooded men. The gulf between those who wished to know and those who wished to do was not bridged by such scholarship. Was there any real desire to bridge it? Certainly in the product of the humanistic scholarship of those decades there was very little upon which a growing civilization could be nourished.

Lurking in the professor's heart there came to be an uneasy sense that the research by which his colleagues judged him, was not really important. He knew that his ordering of Shakespeare's sonnets, or his analysis of the subjunctive in Anglo-Saxon, was a permanent contribution, however slight, to the fund of human knowledge, more permanent, if less immediately useful, than a factory or a lawsuit. Yet he knew also that to the country, and to his students, his work seemed to be an eccentricity of a belated adolescent, who played twenty questions while life roared past outside his study window. Remembering Mary and Martha, he wondered whether his dutiful service in the kitchen of literature would be properly appreciated, even by the Deity. It was after such moments of painful introspection that he would close his books, and with a grim resolve to make himself felt in his generation, charge into his classroom, and grapple with the callow imagination of his pupils, until even their conventional minds were ploughed up and planted here and there with distrust

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of their own smugness. Thus great teachers might be made.

The outcome was not usually so spectacular. Some men swung the broad axe in the forest of obscurity, determined to make a clearing where light would shine. They were the Gummeres, Kittredges, Lounsburys, Furnesses, who gave our scholarship distinction. But the scholar of the Gothic age was more often warped than exalted. He had lost the simple confidence of the monk in the efficacy of his beads and masses, without acquiring the hearty assurance of the layman. His eyes saw the steep and rocky road to truth, his ears heard public opinion whirring down the level on a cement highway. And he did queer things.

An able philologist spent his later years in literally hurling morsels of erudition at the outside world (which never read them), nodules so inconsiderable and yet so tough as to amaze the observers who knew his power over a wide range of scholarship. He had become a boy again, throwing stones at his indifferent enemies. A source of a source of a source of a great poem, he seemed to say, is more important than your turmoil of love, hate, and possessing. Another, who died frustrate in middle age, leaving behind him a tradition of subtle and penetrating lecturing upon literature, had his heart set upon poetry not scholarship. In the critical academic atmosphere his slender talent withered. His lectures, shot through with melancholy, were the by-products of a defeated imagination. Still another scholar, finding that he had nothing in particular to say about what he studied, set himself to read by measure, his ambition, in which he succeeded, being to read through all extant Old French literature before he was sixty, making notes as he went on curiosities of grammar and vocabulary. He would announce with glee each month his current mileage.

The college as a whole was deeply involved in our pursuit of this hybrid out of literature by science called literary scholarship. We students and teachers of the modern languages and literatures had taken that place in strictly college education which had been held for centuries by the classicists. Science was still a specialist's interest and was only slowly and reluctantly being accorded a position of importance in the formation of culture. We should therefore have been as confident as the classicists, who believed that a real knowledge of the great literatures of Greece and Rome would make an educated man, and, in spite of their overweening, had often been proved right. But the spell of the Renaissance, which for three centuries had made the Western world believe that construing Latin and Greek would in itself produce an education, had been broken. There was some truth in it, but not enough to survive the loss of faith. We scholars of the Gothic age had tried to substitute the grammar of Chaucer and Milton, the facts of literary history. We changed the dosage without renewing that vital insight into a culture which had made Renaissance teaching and scholarship great. It was a new culture we faced, a new Renaissance in which our most passive student was soon to be flung against the complex forces of industrialism. And these we did not attempt to relate with the literature which it was our business to teach, because our training in specialized scholarship had made us incapable of anything but skilful antiquarianism. We were afraid of the complex emotionalism of literature, which inevitably relates itself to every new manifestation of human nature, or dies because it was not great literature. We were afraid, without knowing it, precisely as the clergymen of our day were afraid of religion as such, with its passionate and radical emotionalism. And so we fell back upon dates and sources, or as teachers painfully broke through into a half knowledge of our desperate problem. But as scholars few broke through. Honor to them, but already the books of most are dead on the library shelves, while the little knowledge they contributed to history has been absorbed without noticeable results. One has only to compare the contributions of the scientists in that age with the contributions of literary scholarship to know that something was wrong.

Monasteries must have had their complexes also at the end of the age of faith. Many a young lay brother must have been stirred to wonder, contempt, or a puzzled admiration, at the sight of Anselm at work upon his hundredth illumination in his copy of a Book of Hours. Some such collision between a new era, new ideals, and a new barbarism with the peaceful world of literary scholarship, was responsible for the strains and stresses, the eccentricities, and the futile attempts to exalt the letter at the expense of the spirit which were so characteristic of scholarship in this Gothic age of the American college. The erudition was genuine, but stunted,—too often inapplicable, incomplete, and as aimless as the money-getting passion of millionaires who enriched themselves while they forgot the art of living for which riches were made.

Has teaching in this new decade of the thirties escaped from the influences of a scholarship too specialized to see life realistically and see it whole? The author of this essay has been too much away from universities to answer that question with any authority. Has scholarship, and especially literary scholarship, transcended our Gothic satisfaction with massed and uninterpreted facts? There are brilliant examples in our own decade of such a transcending, notably "The Road to Xanadu" of John Livingston Lowes. But here again he speaks hesitantly, since an editorial office is not the best place from which to judge the spirit of the universities. What their attitude toward scholarship in the humanities may be now, others must say.

(This essay is part of a chapter from a forthcoming book to be called "Alma Mater: The Gothic Age of the American College.")

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
KEEP IT QUIET *Richard Hull* (Putnam: $2.)	Two cantankerous clubmen die suddenly. Others sicken. Another vinegary member spots wholesale slayer.	Delightful demonstration of how a joke *may* go too far. Witty, decorously exciting, and brilliantly written.	None better
THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY STORY *Several stooges for F. D. R.* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Asked F. D. R.—"How can man get away with 5 million and not be traced?" Six writers explain.	Anthony Abbot, S. S. Van Dine *et. al.* labor through 202 pages over puzzle any politician could solve instanter.	Boondoggle
FRAMPTON OF THE YARD *T. Arthur Plummer* (Macaulay: $2.)	Doughty Hal Harley impersonates impostor impersonating him and with "Yard's" help breaks up super-sinister murder mob.	Much action, largely unbelievable, a suave and snarling villain, hopelessly tangled plot —and the whimsiest ole pleecemen.	Cheddar
CROSS OVER NINE *Walter C. Butler* (Macaulay: $2.)	John Witherby, modern Samson, pits strength against murderous "Doctor" for sake of treasure and lovely girl.	*Etude de concert* in shooting, strangling, slugging, and most other forms of bodily assault —and not bad reading.	Fantastic
THE MYSTERY OF THE SMOKING GUN *Carroll John Daly* (Stokes: $2.)	Detective Satan Hall—whose gun goes "bop" and gangsters drop—finally eliminates the mighty Johnny Zitto.	Spine-tingling tale of sleuth's warfare against Powers of Darkness—the goriest since Hammett's "Red Harvest."	Slightly ridiculous

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Economists Disagree

THE FORMATION OF CAPITAL. By Harold G. Moulton. Washington, D. C.: The Brookings Institution. 1935. $2.50.

HIGH-LEVEL CONSUMPTION: ITS BEHAVIOR; ITS CONSEQUENCES. By William H. Lough. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company. 1935. $4.

Reviewed by RAY B. WESTERFIELD

ONE of the two primary purposes of the Brookings Institution is "to aid constructively in the development of sound national policy," and the chief form this aid takes is the intensive investigation of current national problems by its staff of experts and the publication of its findings in books intelligible to the lay public. The general purpose of the study, in which two books have already been published, is "to determine whether the existing distribution of income in the United States among various groups in society tends to impede the efficient functioning of the economic system." The question is raised whether the chronic and cyclical wastage of producing capacity is not due to want of purchasing power among the masses and whether the diversion of a larger proportion of our annual income into the hands of purchasers of consumption goods rather than of producers' goods would not lead to a fuller utilization of land, labor, and capital and provide the people with higher standards of living and at the same time promote a steadier and more rapid rate of economic progress.

The question treated in the volume under review is whether the increasing diversion of national income from consumption to savings tends to accelerate or retard the growth of capital. The study analyzes the process of capital creation and the factors which govern the rate of growth of plant and equipment, the process of converting monetary savings into actual additions to capital equipment, the role played by financial institutions, especially commercial banks. It challenges the orthodox notion that all monetary savings are transformed automatically into capital equipment; it holds that savings merely constitute a supply of money available to business enterprisers for use in the construction of new plant and equipment; that whether it will be profitable thus to use these funds, depends upon the possibility of selling the commodities which such capital can produce; that the demand for capital goods is *derived* from the demand for consumption goods; that, therefore, an increase in savings *at the expense* of consumptive demand will decrease rather than increase the output of capital goods; and that if new capital is to be created there must be an increasing flow of funds through *consumption channels as well as through savings channels.*

Relating this theory to the conclusions reached in an earlier volume, it becomes evident that if, in consequence of wide variations in the distribution of income, the proportion of the national income that is saved expands rapidly, there results a maladjustment which retards rather than promotes the expansion of capital. Savings in excess of demand of enterprisers serve merely to inflate the prices of securities and to produce financial instability; had there been a larger relative flow of funds through consumptive channels, a larger utilization of existing productive capacity as well as a more rapid growth of plant and equipment would have resulted.

The discovery of primary importance in the study is that the rate of growth of new plant and equipment is adjusted not to the volume of savings but to the consumptive demand. In our present economic maturity there tends to be an excessive supply of available investment money, which is productive not of new capital goods but of financial maladjustments. There is needed a larger flow of funds through consumptive channels rather than more abundant savings. A more equal distribution of income would increase the consumptive demand and check the growth of savings. Therefore, recovery from the depression need not necessarily begin with the capital goods industries, as one school alleges; it may begin with the consumptive industries and usually does so. Nor does history confirm the theory that recovery depends upon the initiation of some new industry during the depression, putting to capital uses the savings that have accumulated.

In general the findings of the Brookings study conform to the philosophy underlying the "New Deal" explanation of the collapse of 1929 and its plan of spending our way out of depression and of effecting permanent prosperity by a redistribution of income in favor of the poor. One fundamental defect of analysis lies in the concept of "savings," which is used in a monetary sense and ignores the fact that money cannot be considered in the abstract but rather as *existing* physical precious metals or property rights in *existing* physical things such as precious metals, houses, factories, and farms. The Brookings idea seems to be that from the time the saver receives his income and until it is invested and embodied in physical producers' capital created newly by the borrower and by means of these borrowings, the savings exist in the abstract. In real fact, the savings from a national and social point of view are already in the form of physical commodities. No time elapses between the receipt of the income and its conversion into physical things through investment and industrial activity, for it is already in physical form. When and if the saver decides to invest in this or that, he merely changes his investment, and this change may issue in further production of capital.

Mr. Lough's text deals with data comparable to data used in a previous Brookings volume. He challenges economists for their neglect of the study of consumption. "The facts about consumption, its trends, its effects on the development of the productive system—all have been almost completely ignored." It is seen, therefore, that fundamentally Lough essays solution of the same problem as Brookings. But he insists that the stress he gives "to the dominating power of consumption in the economic system is not intended as an endorsement of the feather-headed fallacies of the spend-and-grow-rich school." He brands as "delusion that giving people more money to spend is the sovereign remedy for economic ills . . . that high wages or large doles or redistribution of income would increase consumption and thereby automatically restore an active, prosperous economy . . . consumers' partial control of *current* output does not of itself determine productive capacity. . . . The truly vital relationship . . . is the relationship between (a) present expectations of consumers' *future* demands and (b) *projected* alterations in productive capacity. The great mass of economic activity . . . requires long periods of preparation and a large investment of capital. Those types of production, therefore, which will eventuate in new or altered capacity *respond in the first instance not to consumption but to investment.*"

Mr. Lough makes a most thorough statistical examination of the income and expenditures of our people, and especially the changing character of consumption as family incomes rise. He dwells on the growing instability of consumption and the want of offsetting stabilizers in our economy. "If we are to maintain a working balance between *future* productive capacity and *future* consumption . . . it is necessary to develop a new technique of balance"; and for the solution he rejects "the installation of a planned economy on the ground that long-distance planning is impracticable without far more exact and reliable forecasts of consumption than are attainable," and he favors "the evolution of more flexible forms of business enterprise directed by more alert, better informed brains"; and he believes this solution "practicable, partly on the ground that even the rudimentary forecasts now available supply useful guidance for resourceful management."

In an extensive appendix he attacks, with good reason, the Brookings methods of determining the annual savings of our people. Moreover, he scoffs at the Brookings solution and answer to the question raised "How much can we consume?" for instead of giving "a calculated, realistic evaluation of probable consumption under hypothetical, but feasible conditions," it "offers a fanciful picture of a society in which the minimum family income is $2,500," an hypothesis which "apparently grows out of a preconception which may have influenced the entire study. . . . It is amazing to find the popular delusion of inadequate purchasing power . . . labeled 'fact' in a scientific report . . . [with] no factual basis whatever in the findings of the Brookings study."

These two studies of the problem of thrift and spending cannot be regarded as conclusive either in theory or in facts. The problem is as yet essentially undetermined. Some other studies (for example, Harold Loeb and Associates, "The Chart of Plenty") have been made and others will be made. It will remain for the future to give the realistic answer.

Ray B. Westerfield is professor of political economy at Yale.

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JAMES GOULD COZZENS

The brilliant young American novelist who wrote

THE LAST ADAM

has a new novel which is another superb portrait

WITH "THE LAST ADAM" James Gould Cozzens was recognized as a distinguished modern American novelist. That was a grand and lusty novel about a physician who was, first of all, a human being. In MEN AND BRETHREN Mr. Cozzens portrays a modern, young, successful clergyman, in charge of a small New York parish, who is also a really likeable, intelligent, hard-working person. Shown in his study rather than in the pulpit, he is involved in the lives of a score of people, forced to act upon problems which have suddenly become extremely urgent. The conflict between his beliefs and the conclusions he draws from experience is a deep, and persistent one. So rich is the theme of this novel, so masterly its development, that one cannot refrain from such high praise as—"It's even better than THE LAST ADAM."

MEN AND BRETHREN

Just published. $2.50 at all bookstores

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

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The New Books

Biography

OLIVER HAZARD PERRY. By Charles J. Dutton. Longmans, Green. 1935. $3.50.

Here at last is a satisfactory life of one of our more famous naval heroes; and it is a curious story that it tells. After John Paul Jones our greatest captain until Farragut; conspicuous with Andrew Jackson as one of the two important victors in the defeat-filled War of 1812; his name heard round the world at twenty-eight—despite all this, Oliver Hazard Perry cannot be said to have had a successful career. It ended in a long and tedious anti-climax. Following his single brilliant exploit on Lake Erie he gave laborious years to the most routine naval work, and died in 1826 after having lived only the "one crowded hour of glorious life." A biography of Perry is thus almost entirely a history of the creation of the little wooden squadron at Erie, Pa., in 1813, and of the battle with Barclay at the western extremity of the lake on September 10 of that year. This fact probably explains why Perry has had no previous biographer since 1840, and until now no biographer at all worthy of the name. It has been assumed that the naval historians of the War of 1812 could adequately cover all that he did worthy of remembrance; and the assumption was not far from correct.

But there was room for one good life, and Mr. Dutton has made the most, so far as research goes, of the opportunity thus left open. He has given prolonged study to collections of documents all over the country, and has discovered much that is new about Perry. He relates with striking fresh detail the story of the battle of Lake Erie, and also presents some interesting pages upon naval operations during 1814 in the Chesapeake, and on Perry's part in defending Washington after the capture of Baltimore. Unfortunately, the book is written without literary distinction and in many parts with deplorable flatness of style. It must be read for its matter, not for its manner, and it is only through its high merits of research that it deserves a place on any shelf of American naval history. A. N.

Drama

SHERLOCK HOLMES. A Play, based on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's incomparable stories, by William Gillette. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $2.

Mr. Vincent Starrett, the eminent Sherlockian, in his eloquent introduction to this book of the play, speaks of the old melodrama affectionately as a museum piece. That is not our feeling. To be sure many of the incidents are preposterous—but they were just as preposterous thirty-five years ago. The author, obviously, was not concerned with their preposterousness. His aim was to create an atmosphere in which such happenings were plausible for the moment, and in that he succeeded brilliantly. Such pure skill is a beautiful and satisfying thing.

More than thirty years ago the present reviewer played the parts of Alf Bassick and Sir Frederick Leighton for a period of nearly a year on a tour which included forty-one states and four provinces of Canada. Now for the first time we learn from the book what it was all about. We opened the pages in rising excitement expecting the lines to bring ghosts winging out of the past, but it was not so. The lines that one learns by heart have no evocative power. It is other associations that renew the ardors of long ago.

We remember that the cast considered "Sherlock Holmes" to be pure hokum. And so it is in a sense, but marvellously effective. But upon reading the book we find that we did the play less than justice. Everything is sufficiently explained. Mr. Gillette has a genius for dispensing with necessary explanations; he is able to gauge to a nicety how much an audience will swallow without straining.

"Sherlock Holmes" is not a play, he himself says, but only directions for the manufacture of a play. Very true; and to that an admirer may add, that for pure technical skill a play that has been rarely equalled. H. F.

Fiction

RAINBOW AT NOON. By Dorothy Walworth Carman. McBride. 1935. $2.

Here is a novel which just misses being first-rate. It misses because the author is much more interested in her thesis—the problems besetting intelligent, self-respecting men and women who remarry after divorce—than she is in her characters. The result is that while you follow with lively interest the heroine's stream-of-consciousness musings on the controversial questions of alimony, jealousies, children's adjustments, the characters never quite come alive, and you are left with a suspicion that the plot and its people are a mere vehicle for a number of pertinent ideas to which the author has given careful and earnest thought. Even such cleverly drawn secondary themes as faculty life in a small New England college, the hospital psychology of the patient who has undergone a major operation, good as they are, seem somehow hauled in and to lack the inevitability of a well constructed story. Nevertheless one is left admiring the sincerity and soundness of Miss Carman's argument as she discloses the peculiar psychological situations which confront sensitive divorced persons even when they are genuinely in love, and one does not have to experience a marital rupture to be sure that this is the way it would have to be. M. S. U.

SPRING CAME ON FOREVER. By Bess Streeter Aldrich. Appleton-Century. 1935. $2.

These are the annals of two Nebraska pioneering families from the Civil War to the present moment. Their lives represent an instinct for labor and family devotion which Mrs. Aldrich apparently feels is the rabbit's foot against economic evil. But in her attempt to cover four generations at a stride, the author has boiled down her material into rather insignificant pulp. Much is made of the calamities of the land, but little of the calamities of the mind; much of period house-building and furnishing, but little of the social forces that produced the eras described. The author has a feminine inclination to linger by the fireside. Her book has only enough emotion to make it sentimental, only enough history to make it picturesque. D. P.

History

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS. By Sarah Blackwell Gober Temple. Atlanta: Walter W. Brown Publishing Company. 1935. $5.

The volume bearing this beguiling title is a history of Cobb County, Georgia. Prepared in conformity with a resolution of the state legislature which suggested that histories of all the Georgia counties be written, it is the product of five years of work and very evidently a labor of love. If the legislative resolution bears no

(*Continued on page* 21)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE MOON'S OUR HOME *Faith Baldwin* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Love Story	Wow—what a girl is Cherry! This devastating Hollywood baby is finally brought to earth by—of all people—an author.	Mac-Fadden
SMOKE IN HER EYES *Allene Corliss* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.)	Novel	The gal was sweet, young, plenty wise and single. Mingling with her married sister's loose crowd she sees the light and David.	Night-Cap
RAWHIDE *L. W. Emerson* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	Arson, murder can't stop our hero once he's lamped the gal. Her pappy is slated to lose race with telephone lines into Rawhide, but . . .	Canned Beef
THE TRAIL DRIVER *Zane Grey* (Harper: $2.)	Western	Texas in the days when driving cattle to market was as safe as a Nazi meeting in the Bronx today.	Fish House Punch

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

BEFORE discussing books of poetry I wish to thank the following additional contributors to the fund being raised for the notable woman poet still in hospital: *Joseph Gannon,* Belmont, Mass.; *Jane D. Wise,* Santa Monica, California; *Elizabeth S. Kirkwood,* Johns Hopkins; *Stanley S. Swarthy,* Meadville, Pa.; *Agnes MacCarthy Hickey,* Mount Vernon, N. Y.; and *F. C. N.*

To call the roll of young writers and artists from Iowa is to name *MacKinlay Kantor, Paul Engle, Phil Stong, Ruth Suckow,* and *Grant Wood.* True, they are not the youngest. But it was only six years ago that *Thomas W. Duncan* graduated from Harvard where a group of his poems won the Lloyd McKim Garrison prize. Two years earlier than that *Edwin Arlington Robinson* had praised a pamphlet of his poems. The author has lived in Des Moines since, has been a reporter and book critic and has been writing novels. The Prairie Press of Muscatine, Iowa, that is fostering native talent so well, has now brought out his volume of poems "Elephants at War," many of which are most vivid. This poet uses no new idiom, and he is always entirely clear and understandable. He is also chiefly an objective poet and his native ballads are good. He is on the way to mastering precise epithet. As it is, his descriptions are at times impressive. Sometimes he is trivial. But in his craftsmanship he shows promise. There is color, and to spare, in his verse.

I am always glad to comment on any evidences of poetry I find in current theatrical productions, and I found a little in the ill-fated play "How Beautiful with Shoes," adapted from *Wilbur Daniel Steele's* story, Steele himself being one of the adapters. Perhaps I was also beguiled by the sensitive performance given by a new young actress, *Marie Brown.* Certainly I found the play as a whole pretty noisy and disjointed, but there was at least one scene into which poetry crept. The poetry that moved the "loony" of the play was the Song of Songs that is Solomon's, though it is no new thing for writers to wish to quote from such magnificence. Indeed my theatre partner murmured to me, quite aptly, "How beautiful with Shulamites!" It seemed a pity that the only poet on the stage must appear as a victim of hallucinations, when not violently insane. But the mountain morons among whom his unlucky lot was cast may easily have been responsible for it!

I can recommend "Patterns in Jade of Wu Ming Fu," by *Stanwood Cobb,* a sequel to "The Wisdom of Wu Ming Fu," published four years ago. This little book (The Avalon Press, Washington, D. C. $1.50) secretes some of the wisdom of the Chinese. Or you can turn to that large and scholarly work, "The Prose Poetry of Su Tung-P'O," with introductory essays, notes and commentaries by *Cyril Le Gros Clark* (Kelly & Walsh, Ltd. P. O. Box 613, Shanghai, China. $10). So much for the Orient.

Henry Harrison, at 430 Sixth Avenue, New York, has been bringing out local anthologies for the different states. We now have "Illinois Poets," with a foreword by *Glenn Ward Dresbach,* "Kansas Poets," with a foreword by *May Williams Ward,* and "Iowa Poets," with a foreword by *Jay G. Sigmund.* Such compilations are not likely to reveal much distinguished poetry, at least such has been my experience. At the same time I am glad to have the books for reference.

One of the best of our Negro poets is *James Weldon Johnson,* and the Viking Press have got out his selected poems, under the title "Saint Peter Relates an Incident," in a sumptuous looking book priced at two dollars. There is rich variety in it, and fire, and the original turn of expression that was one of the great merits of the same poet's "God's Trombones."

Father Leonard Feeney's phrasing is strikingly good sometimes. His new "Boundaries" (Macmillan. $1.25) is not quite up to his former "Riddle and Reverie." But if you want to read one who combines religion with a most animated fancy, there is nothing pompous here, but the revelation of a charming personality.

The poems by *Mary Cummings Eudy* in "Quarried Crystals and Other Poems" (G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2) are worth your consideration. The author's lyric "Oxen" has been set to music and has proved very popular. *Joseph Auslander, Zona Gale,* and *John Erskine* have all said nice things about her work. These brevities are not in the first flight of poetry, but the book is nevertheless interesting. Another Jesuit father who writes poetry is *Michael Earls,* and "The Hosting of the King" is his latest book. It comes from the St. Anthony Guild Press at the Franciscan Monastery of Paterson, New Jersey, and is priced at one dollar. Father Earls has contributed to various magazines, and while his verse has not the occasional prime originality of Father Feeney's, it is often most graceful. On the other hand, *Z. Weinper* is one of the foremost living Yiddish poets, and the selections in "At the Rich Man's Gate" cover a period of about twenty years. The translation of the book is by *Morton Deutsch,* its Introduction by *Isidor Schneider.* It is published by Coward-McCann at one dollar twenty-five.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 92)

ARNOLD BENNETT—
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Progress is the general result of the unending battle between human reason and human instinct, in which the former slowly but surely wins. The most powerful engine in this battle is literature.

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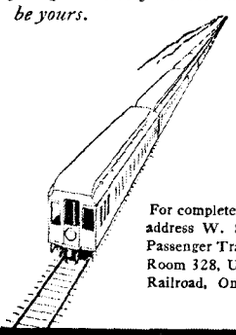

For complete information address W. S. Basinger, Passenger Traf. Manager, Room 328, Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Nebr.

UNION PACIFIC

Thomas Wolfe's

THE STORY OF A NOVEL

There are a few copies still available of *The Saturday Review* for December 14th, 21st, and 28th containing the three parts of Thomas Wolfe's interesting autobiographical narrative, *The Story of a Novel.* While they last, these three issues may be purchased from this office at ten cents a copy.

The Saturday Review

25 *West 45th St., New York City*

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

SOME PEOPLE. By Harold Nicolson. *Houghton Mifflin.*

THE NATURE OF THE JUDICIAL PROCESS. By Benjamin Cardozo. *Yale University Press.*

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. By Willa Cather. *Knopf.*

Racial Groups and America

E. J. W. of Fort Morgan, Colo., *wants a list of novels, biographies, etc., which deal with our various social groups—Negroes, Indians, Jews, European and Asiatic immigrants—in their native and adopted environment. "Of course," she says, "our aim is fuller appreciation of the contribution of these groups to our civilization as well as the problems of adjustment which they face here and our prejudices and discriminations against them. Also," she goes on, "could you recommend some books dealing with the leading religions of the world?"*

ADEQUATELY to answer E. J. W.'s request would mean to write enough to fill much more space than I have at my command. To bring my reply within bounds I shall confine it to such books as present the various racial strains of America as they emerge in this country and not before they have reached these shores.

One of the most recent of the novels, and to my mind one of the most interesting of them, to depict the transplanting of the Jew from Europe to the United States is Joseph Gollomb's UNQUIET (Dodd, Mead) which as prelude to its picture of a foreign-born family adjusting itself to the New York scene presents charming descriptions of life as lived by a cultured Jewish family in Russia. Mr. Gollomb has portrayed the European background with nostalgic appreciation of its dignity and resignation and the American struggle for emergence from poverty and strangeness with proportion and understanding. Another book in the same tradition is Irving Fineman's HEAR, YE SONS (Longmans, Green).

There are a score of novels of the sort which have appeared in recent years but prudence bids me hasten on with mention of these two alone. A good many years ago now, back in the days before the war, or at least America's entrance into it (I'm writing at the distance of Alabama from all my reference books) Mary Antin's THE PROMISED LAND (Houghton Mifflin), a vivid and intensely personal account of a young girl's acclimatization to the American environment, was one of the best-selling volumes of its day. Ludwig Lewisohn's UPSTREAM (Harpers), in which were written down the reactions of a Jew of unusual brilliance to the people and institutions among which he came to make his home, made much stir upon its appearance and still remains one of the most interesting of the autobiographical records of the Jewish immigrant to these shores.

But I must hasten and pass hurriedly through my list which I already see can be no more than a mere suggestion here and there if it is to be confined within the limits which space demands. I'm afraid, indeed, that it can be little more than a succession of titles to be supplemented in a later Clearing House.

To pass on to the Negro, on whom and by whom the literature of late has been voluminous. Only this winter there appeared a first novel which movingly and forcefully depicted the relation of the black man to his environment in Robert Rylee's DEEP, DARK RIVER (Farrar & Rinehart). Jessie Fauset's COMEDY, AMERICAN STYLE (Stokes) depicts the color problem in modern, middle-class Negro society. Though they are shown less in their contacts with the whites than with their own race in such works as Du Bose Heyward's PORGY (Doubleday, Doran) and Julia Peterkin's SCARLET SISTER MARY (Bobbs-Merrill) E. J. W. ought not to neglect these books and others of their kind, nor ought she, indeed, to fail to read STEVEDORE (Covici-Friede), by P. Peters and G. Sklar, a play portraying race relations in the South, and John Wexley's THEY SHALL NOT DIE (Knopf), a drama built about the notorious Scottsboro case. For a temperate and illuminating exposition of the relation of the Negro to white society E. J. W. should read James Weldon Johnson's NEGRO AMERICANS—WHAT NOW? (Viking).

Next for the Scandinavians, Bohemians, and other sturdy settlers in the prairie states who have had increasingly frequent depiction in recent years. Of them Elmer T. Peterson has written in TRUMPETS WEST (Dodd, Mead), the tale of three generations of Swedish immigrants who settled in Kansas and ran the gamut from farming to banking and oil; Martha Ostenso in WILD GEESE (Dodd, Mead), Willa Cather in two of her best novels, MY ANTONIA (Houghton Mifflin) and O PIONEERS! (Knopf), and O. E. Rölvaag in GIANTS OF THE EARTH (Harpers), a depiction of valiant struggle against nature.

But I dare not linger—in fact, must squeeze into a few lines the titles of Oliver La Farge's LAUGHING BOY (Houghton-Mifflin), the best recent portrayal of Indian life in fiction to be found, David C. De Jong's BELLY FULLA STRAW (Knopf), the story of a Dutch immigrant family, and Elizabeth Eastman's SUN ON THEIR SHOULDERS (Morrow) in which a Finnish family is shown in the cranberry bog section of Cape Cod. And before I end this mere hint of racial-American literature I should like to commend to E. J. W.'s attention some of the recent proletarian novels in which the foreign laborer is shown at conflict with or at work in the land of his adoption, such books as Catherine Brody's NOBODY STARVES (Longmans, Green), Fielding Burke's CALL HOME THE HEART (Longmans, Green), and Albert Halper's UNION SQUARE (Viking).

Now to take up her request for books dealing with the leading religions of the world. If she wants a brief, well-written textbook she will find it in George A. Barton's RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD (University of Chicago Press); if a very scholarly work, in Hopkins's HISTORY OF RELIGIONS (Macmillan), if a popular presentation, in Lewis Browne's THIS BELIEVING WORLD (Macmillan).

Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By DELANCEY FERGUSON

THE 18th century also had its fakes, and it had its methods of exposing them. Here—its spelling slightly modernized—is part of Bishop Percy's analysis of the "Rowley" MSS. which Chatterton had forged:

". . . The characters uniformly resemble the writing of no era whatever, nor are in any degree uniform and consistent with themselves: but are evidently written by a modern pen, which has endeavored to render the letters as uncouth and obscure as possible, and yet is frequently betrayed into escapes which are in the most modern characters. . . . We remarked some of the letters to have been written in four or five different manners; so that the writer evidently went upon no principles, had previously formed to himself no alphabet; had a very imperfect random guess at the old alphabets and was incapable of imitating any of them truly. Even the poetical specimen . . . is merely rendered obscure by a fanciful uncouth alphabet of the writer's own invention, reducible to no principle of genuine ancient writing.

"With regard to the parchment itself, it is evidently stained yellow on the back with ochre, to look like old parchment; but the fraud is so unskilfully performed, that you may see stains and besmearings on the other side; and if you rub the back with a wet white handkerchief it will be stained with the ochre. He hath also contrived an ink (than which nothing is more easy) that should be very faint and yellow. . . .

"The contents contain no less proofs of the forgery, for they assert gross and ridiculous falsehoods, such as there having been ancient moneys current in England with the arms of Bristol on the reverse. . . . I must again repeat, that so far as depends on the evidence of these specimens, the writings attributed to Mr. Thos. Rowlie may finally be pronounced to be forged and spurious."

So wrote the shrewd Bishop in September, 1773, after his friend Lord Dacre had submitted some of the fakes for his investigation. The letter is one of several, hitherto unpublished, by Percy and others, which A. Watkin-Jones of Exeter College, Oxford, prints in the fall number of *PMLA*. The Bishop lacked Messrs. Carter and Pollard's scientific apparatus for the analysis of ink and paper, but he knew his stuff.

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Broad Stripes, Bright Stars

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER, Words and Music Issued Between 1814-1864. *Compiled by Joseph Muller. New York: G. A. Baker & Co.* 1935. 500 *copies.* $5.

THE air of an eighteenth-century English drinking song (an air with a throat-cracking melodic range) was combined a century and a quarter ago with the chronicle of a minor episode in our most luckless martial adventure to form what has since become the national anthem. Not, by the way, until March 3, 1931, on which day President Hoover wrote "Approved" at the foot of the printed draft of H. R. 14 as enacted by the Third Session of the Seventy-first Congress. At that particular moment a national anthem would seem to have been either our most desperate need or the one thing we were best able to get along without.

But, for better or worse, we have, and shall doubtless ever have, "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the history of its development and acceptance is an essential in the inventory of our social and cultural heritage. Mr. Muller has set down that history in elaborate, painstaking, and accurate detail. His bibliography is preceded by a graceful tribute from John Tasker Howard and a long introduction by Mr. Muller himself tracing and explaining the sturdy vitality of the song. No fewer than 108 of the 224 ample quarto pages are devoted to portraits and facsimiles.

This monograph will be of surpassing interest to every student of American music—a department of collecting activity which is now receiving, and deserves to receive, increasing attention. The comprehensiveness of Mr. Muller's researches lends his work an importance that passes far beyond the immediate goal of his investigations. Moreover he has not allowed his honest scholarship to bog down in a wallow of business. And, as a sound piece of bibliography ought, Mr. Muller's study makes good reading.

Who Said It First?

It was in October, 1899, that Catalogue No. 1 issued from Goodspeed's Book Shop of Boston. Those were exciting times. Only a few days earlier Admiral George Dewey had been received in New York with such a fanfare as would not be matched until Charles A. Lindbergh, who was not yet born, returned in triumph from his Paris flight twenty-eight years later.

A few weeks ago, Catalogue No. 250 came out of Goodspeed's, prefaced with a delightful group of reminiscences over the signature of Charles E. Goodspeed. These are cordially recommended to collectors everywhere, in special to that regrettable fraction who credit the thesis that wit, erudition, and any slightest acquaintance with the inwards of his wares are qualities undiscoverable in a bookseller.

The Compleat Collector read and reread the paper with stimulation and enjoyment and was particularly happy to note an anecdote that was an old friend. Explaining by precept and example the desirability of specialization in the rare-book trade, Mr. Goodspeed cites a story recounted to him "by my good friend and neighbor, Andrew McCance." Here is Mr. McCance's story:

> Tony had a sidewalk permit for his fruit stand from the bank. A friend asked him for a loan of ten dollars. Tony was sorry, but "I have agree' with da bank. They no let me." "What you meana, they no let you?" "Well, when I come here, they say, 'Tony, we no sell da banan, you no loana da mon.'"

The Compleat Collector had encountered this story once before, and liked it. It was in Spencer, Indiana, in 1925. Spencer was at that time within a few furlongs of the center of population of the United States, and visitors could inspect the very point whereby, if one inserted a sufficiently stout pencil under it, one could have spun the whole United States around. (Nobody actually did this until 1929.) Well, there was a little restaurant in Spencer where one lunched if one lunched in Spencer at all, and on the wall hung a sign: "We have an agreement with the First National Bank. They serve no meals, we cash no checks."

The bit of *ana* survived in the Compleat Collector's mind as a happy instance of native sardonicism. He cited it as just that a few days since, and was mildly disconcerted when one busybody among the listening group retired and emerged some moments later with this from Macaulay's "Frederick the Great":

> He [Frederick] once saw a crowd staring at something on a wall. He rode up and found that the object of curiosity was a scurrilous placard against himself. Frederick ordered his attendants to take it down and put it lower. "My people and I," he said, "have come to an agreement which satisfies us both. They are to say what they please and I am to do what I please."

The Spencer and Boston variants are obvious derivatives of the Prussian, but whence came the Prussian? Did Frederick make it up out of his own head, or did he simply go and take, and if so from where?

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 18)

other fruit, Mrs. Temple's book will have justified its passage, for her five hundred pages of narrative and three hundred more of notes and records are replete with material of interest and value.

Cobb County is historic ground. Originally possessed by the Cherokee Nation, it was involved in the bitter Indian lands controversies of John Quincy Adams' and Jackson's administrations; in its annals is stirring history of courageous and resourceful Southern pioneers. To Roswell, in Cobb County, went a New York merchant in the fifties for his bride; she became the mother of a President, Theodore Roosevelt, and the grandmother of the present First Lady. To Cobb also went General Sherman on his way from Chattanooga to Atlanta in 1864. The scene enchanted him, it was "too beautiful to be disturbed by the harsh clamor of war," but quickly discovering it to be "one vast fort," he left it a desolate area. Mrs. Temple traces in almost minute detail, and with exceptional skill, the military operations that enveloped the region and graphically recounts the ravages of Northern armies and the mortifying depredations the county suffered at the hands

(*Continued on next page*)

Recover from the Holidays with these!

Wodehouse, P. G.

THE LUCK OF THE BODKINS

"S. S. Atlantic's" most eventful voyage, featuring Monty (wheels-within-wheels) Bodkin, and introducing Albert Peasemarch. $2.00

Wylie, I. A. R

FURIOUS YOUNG MAN

A *modern,* romantic story of a young Englishman in Russia who mixes love and communism with amazing results. $2.50

Oppenheim, E. Phillips

FLOATING PERIL

A peaceful yacht floating on a sea of international dynamite. One of the old master's best full length novels. $2.00

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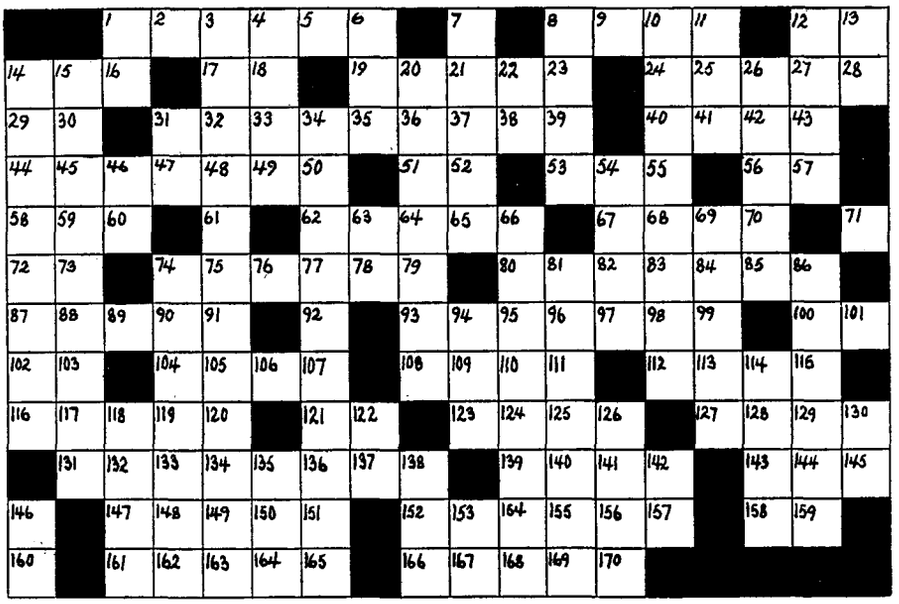
Double-Crostics: No. 93

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 19 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Author of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures."

II. Greek letter.

III. To cripple.

IV. Opera by Victor Herbert.

V. Popular name for State of Utah.

VI. Modern dance.

VII. Race of brutes in "Gulliver's Travels."

VIII. To be at variance.

IX. Scottish ballad.

X. Not in the least.

XI. English historian (1876—).

XII. Deceives.

XIII. Mean, sordid person (fig.).

XIV. Aboriginals.

XV. Novel by D. H. Lawrence.

XVI. North Carolinians.

XVII. Manifest.

XVIII. Soft and downy.

XIX. To pucker.

XX. Porridge.

XXI. Exit.

XXII. Prohibitionist.

XXIII. Adherents of a modern school of writing.

XXIV. Affirmative votes.

WORDS

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
8 55 42 126 110 78 50

__ __ __ __ __
148 100 16 114 69

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
112 117 111 10 56 134 25 76 91

__ __ __ __ __ __
107 160 121 158 40 61

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
163 18 138 155 98 65 77

__ __ __ __ __ __
156 105 29 85 17 53

__ __ __ __ __ __
151 102 146 3 89 86

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
70 63 5 47 74 35 170 101

__ __ __ __ __ __
79 130 24 153 169 164

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38 140 51 123 113 11

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
39 109 52 64 124 15 99 87 118

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167 128 41 103 96 144 136 119 33

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6 141 20 131 27 152 168 142 150

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7 129 145 122 1 71 30 115 57 159 48

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
66 125 37 90 116 4 143

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
26 92 54 2 43 49 88 73

__ __ __ __ __
95 22 46 62 81

__ __ __ __ __ __
147 45 9 93 108 165

__ __ __ __ __
44 162 31 80 135

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
132 36 13 161 83 149 67

__ __ __ __ __ __
32 19 139 97 58 166

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
137 23 75 154 28 104 84 127 60 82

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
133 59 106 94 72 157 34 12

__ __ __ __
14 68 21 120

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

of Southern cavalry, deserters, and bummers who swarmed in like locusts in the wake of Sherman's legions. Her analysis of political thought in the county in the fifties is a useful contribution to a complex subject and her record of life in Cobb County since the Civil War contains much grist for the historian of social and economic developments in the New South.

Believing that "bitterness and recrimination have no place in the long reach of history," Mrs. Temple has written with commendable candor and fairness. She has refused to suppress unpleasant truths that may reflect upon her section and has allowed no old-time animosity of the post-Civil War era to creep into her pages. Georgia scenes of long ago are delightfully recreated in a narrative that is characterized by dignity and charm of style.

A. H. M.

Miscellaneous

BIRD FLIGHT: TWO HUNDRED ACTION PHOTOGRAPHS. By Gordon Aymar. Dodd, Mead. 1935. $4.

The pictures in this book are admirable, some of them extremely beautiful. It is an attempt and a successful attempt to explain that exceedingly difficult subject, the nature of the flight of birds, by fast motion photographs and an explanatory text which sometimes describes and explains the picture and sometimes goes on into brief essays on such very complex topics as the nature of bird migration and the means by which a bird soars and sails against the wind, the comparison with the airplane being carefully worked out all through. One notes with interest that in at least one respect, in rising from the ground, the airplane can beat the bird. Another interesting item of information is the recent discovery that homecoming pigeons are apparently confused and often thrown out of their course by radio waves from broadcasting stations. Lovers of birds, those interested in the frontiers of science, and all who admire beautiful and interesting pictures should see this book.

H. S. C.

A MARRIAGE MANUAL. By Drs. Hannah and Abraham Stone. Simon & Schuster. 1935. $2.

It is impossible to find the least fault with this book. It is precisely what it claims to be, namely, "a practical guide-book to sex and marriage," and it is in the opinion of this reviewer, the most useful book of its kind which has thus far appeared. In simple, graphic language, with no trace of sentimentality, it aims to answer straightforwardly every one of the hundreds of questions which confront intelligent young persons on the verge of marriage. Written in the form of a dialogue between a physician and a young couple, it concerns itself not at all with sociological aspects, but confines itself to those questions of sex relations which concern the individual, questions which he is usually too ignorant or too embarrassed to frame for himself. Only a few

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years ago such a book could not have been published, for there are none of the usual evasions here. Yet it is difficult to conceive how any but a badly conditioned prude could take exception to facts when presented in so objective a fashion. To the physician it should prove a veritable godsend. Few indeed are the doctors who are prepared to deal adequately with the brides and grooms who, in growing numbers seek their advice. Out of a rich experience with ten thousand men and women, the Doctors Stone have produced a book which should win them the gratitude not only of harassed laymen, but of the entire medical profession.

M. S. U. (M.D.)

Writers and the Government

(*Continued from page 9*)

lore associations, chambers of commerce, scientific bodies, and other organizations, as well as from individuals with experience in historical research work. For work on a Connecticut guide which was issued by the Emergency Relief Commission of the State of Connecticut this year 2,000 persons volunteered their aid. It is estimated that the workers on The American Guide can use the coöperation of at least 10,000 volunteers. Those who have special knowledge of unique features of their particular communities will be doing a great service if they communicate it to the directors of The American Guide in their states in care of the Works Progress Administration of each state.

In addition to the work on The American Guide, the Federal Government has initiated a project for reporters who cannot find private employment. The Federal Reporting Project is getting organized in all large centres of population, and it consists of valuable work reporting the progress of projects for dams, roads, reservoirs, women's work, and thousands of other projects which the Works Progress Administration is operating throughout the country. This work will aid the administrator of the states to make full reports to Washington on the activities of the Works Progress Administration in their states.

These two federal projects have succeeded in employing many of the unemployed writers of the country at useful and interesting work which at the same time will not interfere in any way with their independence and integrity as artists and thinkers. In fact, the work which they do on The American Guide and on the Federal Reporting Project is of definite value to writers throughout the country for their private work because of the opportunity which it gives them to gain an insight into the economic, industrial, historical, and scenic features of the areas in which they live. It is not too much to expect that important literature will result indirectly from the ideas and information with which the thousands of writers at work for the government are coming into contact every day.

The projects have been set up to operate for six months, but we expect to continue the work until June 30 and possibly beyond that date.

HENRY G. ALSBERG,
Director of Federal Writers' Projects.
Works Progress Administration,
Washington, D. C.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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I WILL TRY to help any one who is sincerely searching for God to find Him; no charges. Box 966-A.

CHICAGO MAN (45-55), actively fond of literature, poetry, music, etcetera, who is mature emotionally may (or may not) be interested in writing to humorous presentable woman of like interests. Box 967-A.

IS THERE a nimble young lady preferably resident of New Jersey who would put her literary aspirations aside and work in a downtown Broadway office? One who can handle a typewriter; has a good voice on the telephone and is not afraid of an occasional errand preferred. State remuneration. Box 968-A.

LAZY BOSTONIAN, young, unreliable, doesn't want position but needs one as clerk, laborer, etc. Short hours, big pay essential. Box 969-A.

CULTIVATED MANHATTAN WOMAN, slight knowledge Italian, wishes exchange lessons, conversation with educated Italian. References requested. Box 970-A.

EILIEN: Dreadfully sorry about Gertner's December Fourteenth. Out of town. Please name another occasion.

WILL SELL TICKET for Heifetz recital to nice young man (not too young), fond of music. Rachelle.

PIERRE I: Farce? Tragedy! All my own stupid "smartness." Oh, for that anchor now! (Try deciphering DON ad.)

SITUATION WANTED. Child supervision or companion by refined Prot. Ex. references. 33 Noblehurst Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.

YOUNG LADY, 24, likes plays, sports, literature and interesting letters. Gentlemen similarly inclined write. Box 971-A.

YOUNG PROFESSIONAL MAN, Philadelphian, erudite, affable, who abominates blatant flimsiness of modernity, seeks affinity with lady having sense of values. Box 972-A.

MIGHT THERE BE a Midwest Miss inclined to exchange views (not too seriously) on this and that with Midwesterner of thirty-four who is neither bored nor lonely? Box 973-A.

ALERT YOUNG WOMAN, middle thirties, interested in literature—would like to exchange views on writing problems. Box 974-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, 29, in Boston, interested in poetry, Irish literature, the theatre, sports, walking and talking, seeks stimulating male companionship to enliven the long winter hours. Box 975-A.

COLLABORATOR wanted, young man, fertile mind; have several novel plots with dramatic situations. Seek person with ability to adapt into saleable fiction, fifty-fifty basis. Box 976-A.

MUSICIAN, 30, Manhattanite, long residence abroad, appreciates male integrity, mental maturity, joie de vivre. Box 977-A.

WRITER would join forces with clever plot builder mystery fiction. Box 245, Shepherdstown, W. Va.

MANHATTAN GIRL, a little bit independent about romance that leads to complete suburb-*annihilation, might exchange extreme concentration* for interesting variation. No husbands or men on dole. And I mean that. Box 978-A.

ALABAMA HILLBILLY, male, young, intellectually stale environment, wishes clever, interesting correspondence. Sole purpose, exchange ideas, literary gossip. Box 979-A.

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The Amen Corner

The two-volume biography has come back into its own. The "monumental" *Life of Washington Irving*,[1] by Stanley T. Williams of Yale, which the Oxford University Press published just in time for the Christmas season "is likely," says the *New York Herald Tribune*, "to remain for years the model of what a definitive biography should be. Nor will it easily be equaled . . . No detail is scanted, but all are ordered and composed on a vast and glowing canvas. In sheer skill of performance Professor Williams's writing will stand comparison with Irving at his best."

With a kind of pleased surprise reviewer after reviewer has discovered that although it is long,—and, as John Cournos says, "scholarly thoroughness could go no farther"—Professor Williams's book actually, to quote Mr. Cournos, "makes a fascinating story for any lover of literary biography."

The New York Times remarks that "it possesses stylistic grace, distinction of diction and forceful expression. It should appeal to the casual reader who finds biography diverting. Attractive illustrations [there are 53 of them] add to the interest of the book."

Professor Robert E. Spiller (editor of James Fenimore Cooper's *Gleanings in Europe*)[2] writing in these very pages a week or two ago, hailed it as "entertaining reading," and declared that "in a subtle and unobtrusive way, we are made to feel . . . that here we have found the key" to Irving's rather complex and elusive character.

Few American men of letters have been so many other things as the first, during his long life of almost seventy-seven years. He took part in the trial of Aaron Burr; was active as a Colonel in the War of 1812; was Secretary of the American Legation in London under President Jackson; had his experience of the exploration of the West in 1832; and from 1842 to 1848 was Minister of the United States at the court of Isabella II, at Madrid. He was the friend of Henry Brevoort, Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, Thomas Campbell, "Fernán Caballero," and scores of eminent persons in England and America.

Using many hitherto unknown manuscripts, Professor Williams throws new light on many interesting aspects of Irving's career, and has made his book "at once a portrait of a man," says Mr. Cournos, "and a picture of a period."

Among the unusual (and beautifully reproduced) illustrations is a facsimile of a page from the little Washington Irving *Journal 1803* which Professor Williams edited for the Oxford Press last year in a limited edition[3] (and which was one of the Fifty Books of the Year of the American Institute of Graphic Arts).

The Oxonian had intended to touch lightly on several subjects, but he has been carried away by his enthusiasm for *The Life of Washington Irving*. You will be too, if you take our advice and add it to the really permanent shelf of your library.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $15.00. (2) Vol. I France; Vol. II England. Each $3.50. (3) $3.00.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

MANY thanks to Mrs. H. R. Boynton (Claremont, Calif.) for sending us the good news that Mr. C. C. Parker, dean of booksellers in Los Angeles, is back in his shop after a serious illness. Mrs. Boynton encloses a clipping from Lee Shippey's excellent column in the L. A. *Times* wherein Mr. Shippey pays fine tribute to Mr. Parker's service to his community through 41 years. We quote:—

> Who can estimate the thousands of Angelenos who have profited by Parker's advice in those forty-one years? Hundreds of men and women now prominent in Southern California have been influenced by that advice ever since they were youngsters. And the right book at the right time may mean more in a person's life than anything else.

☞Quercus began the New Year, out in his frostbitten hutch, The Fantods, busily fomenting himself. He had not known before that both ink and paste can freeze solid, and scissors get so cold that they burn the hand. ☞So he is practically helpless. ☞Celebrated Mr. Kipling's birthday by rereading *The Rhyme of the Three Captains* which was originally a sprightly grenade dropped down the hatchway of Harper & Bros. The description of a venerable ancient, once head of that firm, always gives irreverent Q. a roar: "I had stripped his hide for my hammock-side, and tasselled his beard in the mesh." ☞Those curious to recall this spirited old controversy will find a good essay about it in James Westfall Thompson's *Byways in Bookland*, just published by the Book Arts Club of the University of California (Berkeley, Calif.) ☞Among other most interesting papers in Mr. Thompson's book is one on *Napoleon as a Booklover*, and a description of his travelling library (of 1000 volumes). ☞When Napoleon did not like a book he threw it out of the window of his carriage. This explains (says Mr. Thompson) why so many volumes stamped with his insignia have found their way to the booksellers. ☞Quercus has found himself bursting into verse lately:—

The Emperor with bloody heart
Tore Europe's flesh and bone apart
But days of carnivores are through:
Napoleons are now napoo.
The Ethiop will change his skin
Ere Mussolini muscles in.

☞We print the above lines three in Italic and three in blackface, to be impartial.

☞Old Quercus, busy trying to keep warm in his snowbound cabin, heard from Mr. George Seiffert of Doubleday's of his similar difficulty while travelling in Australia last summer—which was the Australian winter. Mr. Seiffert was enormously impressed by the fine stock and efficiency of the Australian bookstores; particularly of course the world-famous Angus & Robertson's of Sydney. ☞When Mr. Seiffert discovered the hot-bottle in his berth in an Austral sleeper he thought at first the train was on fire and anxiously summoned the attendant. ☞When black ink has once been well frozen it turns a horrid gray: there is some philosophical analogy here, but what? ☞Old Q. rarely receives telegrams, so when they come he is excited. A Day Letter from Boston says: Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowships just announced for nineteen thirty-six. Two Fellowships each carrying award one thousand dollars apart from royalties offered for most meritorious projects fiction or non-fiction. Last year's Fellowships awarded Terence O'Donell and Jenny Ballou for novels now in progress. April first dead line for applications. Blanks and information on request. Houghton Mifflin Co.

☞Thomas Wolfe's three articles, *The Story of a Novel*, which appeared in the last three issues of this *Review*, will be published in book form by Scribners early in 1936. Meanwhile the subscription department reminds Quercus that copies of the three issues—December 14, 21, and 28—will remain on sale at 10 cents each while they last.

☞J. Ray Peck (first editions, fine bindings, etc.) has moved to the General Electric Bldg., 126 East 51. ☞To Old Quercus in his Tarragonian mood *The Bedroom Companion*, a book of supposed bawdy hilarity for the beaver-chested male, seemed a bit sophomoric. ☞In spite of our warning women against reading Esther Forbes's *Miss Marvel* (there are highly specialized reasons why they will find it beautifully painful) several of them have, and have written to tell us that we could not possibly understand it.

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